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New Republic

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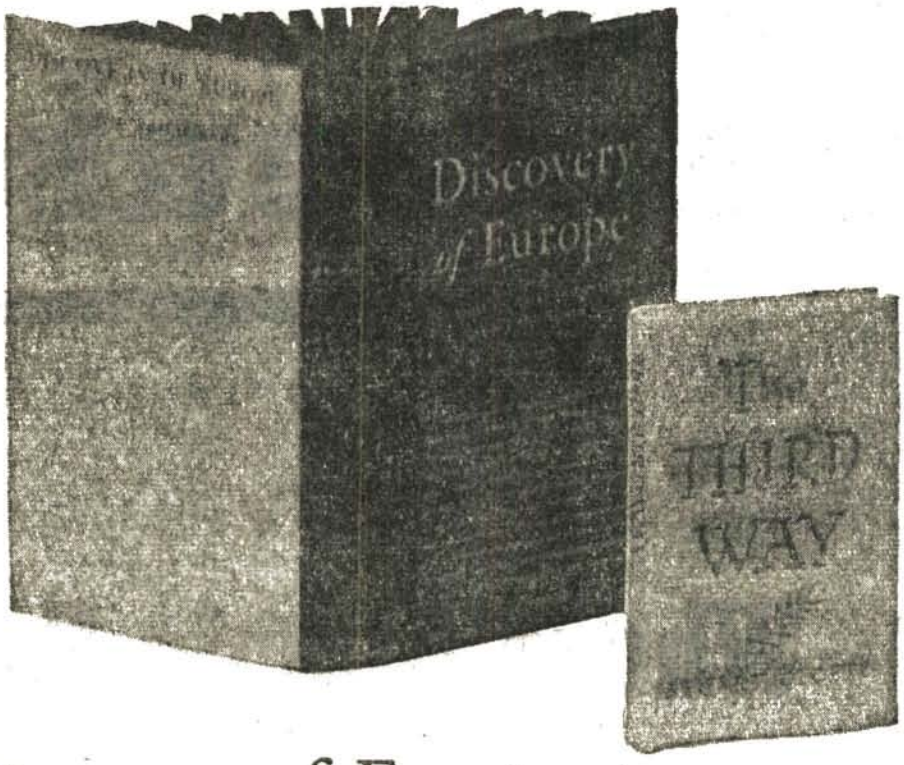

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New Republic

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Letter of the Week

Czechoslovakia's Middle Way

Sidney Sulkin, author of the following letter, during the war was attached to the joint American-British information mission in Holland and later was North European director of the United States International Book Association. He is now traveling throughout Europe.

SIR: Policemen in Prague send drunks home these nights with a gentle push and the admonition: "Better get some sleep, *Panie,* for the Two-Year Plan." Corridors of government buildings remind you of a shower room between the halves of the big interstate football game: everyone is rooting for the home team. Europe may not be cheering for Czechoslovakia, but it would do well to watch and learn, for the atmosphere of energy and direction here is sadly lacking elsewhere on the continent. Indeed, while most other countries are still foundering in hopelessness and fear, the Czechs have not only made up their minds about where they want to go but have decided how they intend to get there and are already well on the road. A year and a half after the end of the war they have nearly completed what amounts to a full-scale nationalization program and have embarked on a bold Two-Year Plan on which they have willingly staked their future.

To most Czechs the plan is neither slogan nor fetish but simply the next logical step after large-scale nationalization, which they have already accepted and put into effect. And while it is easy to read it as no more than an ambitious estimate of the country's industrial and agricultural capabilities during the next two years, it is far more than that. On one hand, it is the acid test for the nationalization program itself; and on the other, it will implement an important shift in the total economic outlook.

This shift, already implicit in the nationalization program, becomes unmistakable when one sees the list of

(Continued on page 46)

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New Republic

VOLUME 116, NUMBER 7, ISSUE 1681. NEW YORK CITY. FEBRUARY 17, 1947

News in Focus

What to Do?

Labor

IN THE marble grandeur of the Senate Caucus Room, the Senate Labor Committee listened intently as big industrialists, labor "experts" and Harold E. Stassen testified on what to do about labor. At the opposite end of Capitol Hill, the House Labor Committee, sitting high on a mahogany-stained plywood "bench," heard Clare Hoffman (R, Mich.) and Howard W. Smith (D, Va.) tell them that the Wagner Act should be amended or completely wiped out. Elsewhere, final touches were being applied to a government study suggesting a guaranteed annual wage as a more logical step to eliminate the causes of industrial strife. Thus, in a period of rare labor peace, Washington prepared for struggles to come.

The Senate committee concentrated last week on proposals for eliminating such labor "abuses" as the secondary boycott and the jurisdictional strike. It took testimony on bills barring foremen's unions, the closed shop and industrywide bargaining. Industry witnesses were enthusiastic about all of these measures. H. Stafford Edwards, president of the National Electrical Manufacturers' Association, cited names, places and photostats to show that a New York local of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers (AFL) had blocked the installation of lighting fixtures which its own local members did not assemble. Some Senators seized upon this example as proof of a nationwide labor monopoly.

Charles E. Wilson, white-haired president of the General Motors Corporation, told the same committee that forcing workers to join a union under a closed-shop contract was like saying, "you have to have a membership in the Nazi Party before you can have a job." Senator Morse (R, Ore.) commented acidly that Congress had passed protective labor legislation to guard workers "from just such a philosophy as you are communicating." Harold Stassen, directly facing Senator Taft (R, Ohio), a rival for the Republican presidential nomination in 1948, outlined his own crack-down-on-labor program. But Stassen opposed the proposal of his former follower, Senator Ball (R, Minn.), to end industrywide bargaining. Ball and Stassen clashed on the point, and after an exchange of economic arguments, Ball retired in some confusion.

The House hearings produced no surprises. When a committee member asked Hoffman his position on mass picketing, the bitterly anti-labor Representative replied in astonishment, "Don't you know my position on that?" The committee did. Nor was the committee in the dark as to the position of Howard Smith, archfoe of unions. Smith's appearance was added proof that the conservative anti-labor Democrats, whom he leads, will join with House Republicans to support drastic measures against organized labor.

In its own behalf, organized labor was prepared to argue that the key to industrial peace was something more fundamental than proposals to curb labor's bargaining power. In Pittsburgh, CIO Steelworkers were asking a minimum weekly wage for the life of their contract with Big Steel. The security of a guaranteed annual wage, CIO negotiators maintained, would eliminate many of the reasons for labor unrest.

A government report, prepared by Murray Latimer, former head of the Railroad Retirement Board, explained that such a solution was definitely practical. Latimer listed the merits of plans for a guaranteed annual wage: The cost might be held to not much more than one percent of payrolls; they would help to smooth out the business cycle, although they could not alone prevent ups and downs; they would be an important factor in relieving labor's fear of loss of income; they would lift some of the needless cost of unemployment—fixed at $300 billion in the first 12 years after 1929.

Basically, the problem of guaranteeing wages was one of supplementing unemployment insurance, Latimer reported. If the laws were amended to make this possible, he held out the possibility that workers might be assured of steady paychecks, every week, the year 'round.

Some employers immediately labeled the idea "dreamy-eyed stargazing." But labor studied the report carefully, hopefully and approvingly. In the long run it might amount to more than the hearings on Capitol Hill.

Bleak Britain

London

THE smokeless chimneys of England's congested Midlands loomed bleakly against a slate sky. In the automotive center of Birmingham, in nearby Stoke, Stafford and Wolverhampton, factories hunched silent and grim. The huge industrial belts around London and Manchester were likewise muted. And in most of England, persons scrambled for candles or oil lamps or wood or anything else they could find in place of electricity or coal to heat and light their homes.

The dreary treadmill of postwar British life had come this week upon the climax of a long continuing coal shortage. A widespread electric-power shutdown accompanied the bitterest cold wave in a decade. To Anthony Eden's

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charges of mismanagement, Fuel Minister Emanuel Shinwell insisted that the weather had wrecked his plans for allocation of coal supplies. He accused the Tory opposition of "hoping that the weather will remain frozen because it adds to the government's difficulties."

Shinwell pointed to frozen machinery and snowbound railroads, at colliers in the Yorkshire area, center of the country's greatest coal output, and said the government was closing the power stations "only because the emergency is so critical that there is no alternative."

The Labor Government's own attorney general, Sir Hartley Shawcross, saw an end "to any idea of socialism in our time" if coal production was not increased and added: "It is more important than this. The whole prosperity and future of the country are at stake."

Beyond the closed factories, mass unemployment of some four million persons and heatless homes, was the warning of a little heeded White Paper. It pointed up the irony of unemployment at a time when Britain's economic survival depended upon additional workers. Calling manpower recruitment for industry England's "biggest problem," the White Paper said that "there is far more work to be done than there are men and women to do it." Sir Stafford Cripps, president of the Board of Trade, had estimated an immediate need for at least 750,000 more workers, far more than the country's short-manned industries could hope to obtain by normal means.

If the Labor Government was to make the nation pay its own way again, it had to produce enough goods to bring exports to 75 percent above 1938.

But shutdown factories were piling up huge losses in potential exports. At Birmingham's idle Nuffield Motor Works alone, an estimated $2 million worth were vanishing. And in all of England but Yorkshire, the northeastern coast and the area west of Brighton, industries were darkened. Britons stopped using electricity five of the daytime hours, so that at least a week's stockpile of coal could accumulate at the power stations. The weather outlook was not helpful. "It is impossible to say how long the emergency period will last," Shinwell said.

Little Old Lady

Georgia

As a committee of the Georgia senate last week considered Herman Talmadge's bill to resurrect the white primary, a frail, white-haired woman volunteered a piece of her mind. "A race that can produce a George Washington Carver and a Booker T. Washington already has paid the price in service to their country of the highest privilege of American citizenship, which is the ballot." She urged the Legislature to bury the bill "so deep it can never be resurrected." Her name—Mrs. James H. Longstreet, widow of the Confederate general.

Pepper Speech

Congress

The first full-dress, foreign-policy speech of the 80th Congress was delivered last week by Senator Claude Pepper (D), but most Americans were unaware of it. With few exceptions, US newspapers played down the Florida Senator's 6,000-word blast against recent Republican pronouncements, particularly those of John Foster Dulles and Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg.

Only six Republicans and about twice as many Democrats were in the Senate chamber to hear Pepper hurl the charge that Dulles—with the approval of Vandenberg and Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York—hoped to rebuild Germany's industrial might as the core of a Western European bloc directed against Russia. Such a policy, said Pepper, would "smash" the Potsdam Big-Three Pact and open "the shameless doors of another Munich, leading to what will be the world's worst war."

Dulles' recent speech to the National Publishers' Association, Pepper pointed out, was actually urging that we: revive the industrial (*i.e.*, the war-making) power of the Rhineland and the Ruhr: integrate "this revived industrial heart . . . in some unspecified fashion into the economy of . . . France, Belgium and Holland"; and create a federal form of government in Germany further to develop her industrial potential. This, charged Pepper, amounted to subversion of the United Nations' intent "to shear the hair of the German industrial Samson and to keep it shorn."

Pepper added that he was not alone in his interpretation of the Dulles speech. In judgment of Dulles as chairman of the Federal Council of Churches' Commission for a Just and Lasting Peace, the *Witness,* weekly organ of the Episcopal Church, had editorialized on January 30: "The road to moral influence is the same as the road to peace. It is the coöperative use of economic power for the development of all the peoples of the earth according to those principles which were set forth by our churches long before the Atlantic and United Nations Charters. Since Mr. Dulles' plan is contrary to these principles, he should be asked to resign as chairman of the commission . . . and from his position of leadership in the World Council of Churches."

Although Pepper concentrated his heaviest fire on Dulles and the "Western bloc against Russia" idea, he also voiced concern over:

¶ Vandenberg's support in a speech at Cleveland of "the Chinese faction [Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang] which General Marshall had found corrupt, incompetent and . . . anti-democratic."

¶ Vandenberg's insistence on entering into a hemisphere military-defense treaty with Argentina as a participant, despite the failure of the Peron government to purge "its fifth column of Nazis and Nazi confederates."

¶ GOP-sponsored legislation to suspend the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act and Senator Butler's denouncement of that law as a "gigantic hoax."

If these acts, said Pepper, constituted "a sign in the political sky, even though no larger than a man's hand, of the direction of the Republican Party, the course it is following is ominous to the future of America and . . . of the world."

Newspaper readers generally found brief accounts of Pepper's speech in the vicinity of the classified-ad sections—if they found it at all. The internationally minded Washington *Post* squeezed in only six short paragraphs next to the laxative and liquor ads on page six. The New York *Times* used the story on page 10. The Washington *Times-Herald* ignored the speech completely.

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"That, I Deeply Believe"

THROUGHOUT two decades of public service, David E. Lilienthal, whose parents came to this country from abroad, has made US democracy his personal career. A few weeks ago the President nominated him to be chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. Since then, the onetime head of the TVA has endured an attack upon his character without precedent among recorded examples of congressional misbehavior. Last week, in the midst of a venomous assault by Senator Kenneth D. McKellar, Lilienthal took the opportunity to reply. In quiet words, spontaneous to the occasion, Lilienthal submitted this eloquent affirmation of democracy:

MY CONVICTIONS are not so much concerned with what I am against as what I am for; and that excludes a lot of things automatically.

Traditionally, democracy has been an affirmative doctrine rather than merely a negative one. I believe—and I do so conceive the Constitution of the United States to rest upon, as does religion—the fundamental proposition of the integrity of the individual, and that all government and all private institutions must be designed to promote and to protect and defend the integrity and the dignity of the individual; that that is the essential meaning of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, as it is essentially the meaning of religion.

Any form of government, therefore, and any other institutions which make means rather than ends, which exalt the state or any other institutions above the importance of men, which place arbitrary power over men as a fundamental tenet of government or any other institutions, are contrary to that conception, and therefore I am deeply opposed to them.

The communistic philosophy, as well as the communistic form of government, fall within this category, for their fundamental tenet is quite to the contrary. The fundamental tenet of communism is that the state is an end in itself, and that therefore, the powers which the state exercises over the individual are without any ethical standard to limit them. That, I deeply disbelieve.

It is very easy simply to say one is not a Communist. And, of course, if my record requires me to state that very affirmatively, then it is a great disappointment to me. It is very easy to talk about being against communism. It is equally important to believe those things which provide a satisfying and effective alternative. Democracy is that satisfying affirmative alternative.

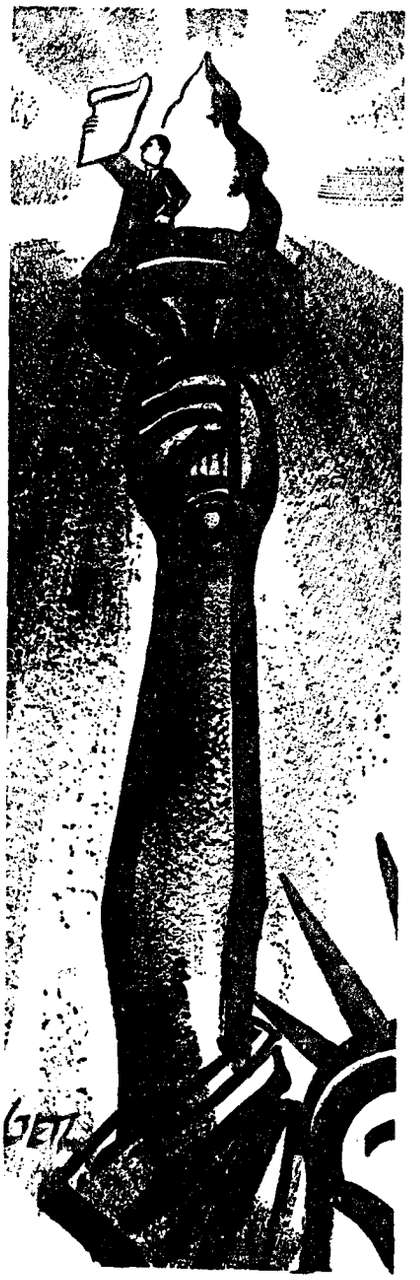
Its hope in the world is that it is an affirmative belief, rather than being simply a belief against something else and nothing more.

ONE of the tenets of democracy that grow out of this central core of a belief that the individual comes first, that all men are the children of God and their personalities are therefore sacred, carries with it a great belief in civil liberties and their protection, and a repugnance to anyone who would steal from a human being that which is most precious to him—his good name—either by impugning things to him by innuendo or by insinuations.

And it is especially an unhappy circumstance that occasionally that is done in the name of democracy. This, I think, can tear our country apart and destroy it if we carry it further.

I deeply believe in the capacity of democracy to surmount any trials that may lie ahead, provided only we practise it in our daily lives. And among the things we must practise is that, while we seek fervently to ferret out the subversive and anti-democratic forces in the country, we do not at the same time, by hysteria, by resort to innuendo and smears, and other unfortunate tactics, besmirch the very cause that we believe in, and cause a separation among our people, cause one group and one individual to hate another based on mere attacks, mere unsubstantiated attacks upon their loyalty.

I want also to add that part of my conviction is based on my training as an Anglo-American common lawyer. It is the very basis and the great heritage of the English people



to this country . . . that the strictest rules of credibility of witnesses be maintained and hearsay and gossip shall be excluded in courts of justice. And that, too, is an essential of our democracy. . . .

Whenever those principles of the protection of an individual and his good name against besmirchment by gossip, hearsay and the statements of witnesses who are not subject to cross-examination, are not maintained, then, too, we have failed in carrying forward our ideals in respect to democracy. That, I deeply believe.

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Changing Times

State Department

IT HAD already become strikingly apparent that the advent of General George C. Marshall as Secretary of State marked the beginning of a new era in that branch of the Administration. Marshall's first three weeks in office had produced plenty of evidence. For one thing, there was the announcement that State would move soon to the structure known as the new War Department building. It was hard to imagine the nation's diplomatic machinery moving away from the antiquated architectural monstrosity just west of the White House and setting up shop in the most streamlined government building of them all, half a mile away.

State Department machinery was being overhauled rapidly to keep pace with the new surroundings. Heads would fall. New faces already were bobbing up fast. In Marshall's own words, able Undersecretary Dean Acheson was the equivalent of a deputy chief of staff. Various footloose coördinating and administrative agencies of the department had been knocked together as a "secretariat" under an ex-Army officer, Carlisle H. Humelsine.

On the way in was a new top-level planning board to lay down the broad principles of US foreign policy by which the secretariat would make its administrative decisions. On the way out was the rule-of-thumb diplomacy, the piecemeal diplomacy of James F. Byrnes and other predecessors of George Marshall.

Perhaps the most spectacular symbol of changing times at the State Department was the Secretary's first news conference. Reporters began arriving 40 minutes ahead of time in the ornate, high-ceilinged State Department conference room on the fourth floor. Tall, gray George C. Marshall strode into the room. He wore a blue pin-striped suit with a light blue shirt and blue tie. The reporters rose. This surprised Marshall. He said, "Sit down, please," in a voice that was crisp if not curt.

Introduced to the crowd by Michael J. McDermott, State press officer, Marshall first ruled out any questions on the policies he would follow at the forthcoming Moscow meeting of Big Four Foreign Ministers ("Please do not consume time by asking questions which I am NOT going to answer"). Then, he put on his shell-rimmed glasses, picked up a sheaf of papers and strode back and forth behind a large mahogany table, talking crisply, precisely on US foreign policy. When he finished, he had skipped few parts of the world, given the 150-odd newsmen the most complete review of US foreign policy most of them had ever absorbed in one sitting. There were few questions. He had answered most of the potential questions in his well organized review before they could be asked.

Reporters came away from the conference with these insights into the new secretary's thinking on major US policies:

¶ Disarmament: Virtually impossible until conclusion of peace settlements and establishment of effective international control of atomic energy provide "a dependable basis for collective security."

¶ Peacetime military training: Necessary to provide the US with the positive military power it needs to back up its foreign policy.

¶ Foreign relief: He had made this item number one on his list of requests for legislation from Congress because of the necessity of having US relief shipments ready to go when UNRRA expires on March 31.

¶ Argentina: US policy is unchanged; Argentina must deport her Nazi agents, but Marshall believes there is good chance of holding a hemisphere military-defense-treaty conference this year.

¶ Poland: Ambassador Arthur Bliss Lane is returning from Warsaw to inform the department of developments since the election, which the US regarded as NOT free and unfettered.

¶ China: The US withdrew from the truce organization because it had become a mere shell of mediation machinery between Chinese Nationalists and Communists. The number of US Marines in China has been exaggerated. Only a small force of them will remain henceforth at Tsingtao to guard the naval station.

¶ Pacific Islands: The US will submit its trusteeship proposals to the UN Security Council despite Russian, British and Australian requests that this action be postponed. The US may agree later to such postponement as the Security Council may deem necessary, however.

¶ Palestine: The US, deeply concerned, can only hope for a peaceful settlement. Marshall does not think that the British plan any large-scale military action.

Closed Out

Radio

NO LONGER would radio commentator Upton Close rescue the American Way for 15 minutes every Tuesday night. This week Close's contract with the Mutual Broadcasting System expired and there were no takers. His old sponsors, the National Economic Council, were through. Mutual answered Close's request for a sustaining program with a polite negative and prepared to fill his spot with a ballad singer.

Few would miss the Voice of Illiberalism. At the end, Close's Hooper rating had dropped to an anemic 2.5 (only a third of Gabriel Heatter's). Listeners had tired of tirades against the UN, Britain, Russia, Democrats, labor and progress in principle. He had even fallen out with his erstwhile patron, Merwin K. Hart, who recently described the prosecution of Georgia's Columbians as a "pure case of anti-gentile persecution." After dumping Close, Hart offered himself as a replacement. Diplomatically, Mutual said that Hart could not be considered a "qualified commentator."

Second Time 'Round

Michigan

IN DETROIT last week Federal Judge Frank A. Picard took his second look at the now famous Mount Clemens Pottery Company case, origin of billions of dollars in claims by laboring men for portal-to-portal pay. The first time around (in 1943) Judge Picard had held that workers ought to be paid for all overtime productive work. When the case reached the Supreme Court last

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year, the latter extended the definition of overtime to include make-ready and walking time on company property. The Supreme Court returned the case to Judge Picard to determine whether or not Mount Clemens workers spent a significant amount of their time in this way.

In his decision last week the federal judge gave a negative answer to that particular question. He said that, in the instance before him, employees had spent only a trifling portion of their time (9.2 minutes daily) in activities preparatory to work. But, Judge Picard warned, his decision "should not be understood as holding that all portal-to-portal suits should be dismissed. There may be, and perhaps are, many instances where walking and the preliminary-activities time consumed are of such an amount as to call for compensation that the worker is not receiving."

Furthermore, the judge pointed out, the portal-to-portal theory had been injected into the case by the company, which "oversold its defense . . . four years ago in explaining why its employees reported 14 minutes before starting hours." The statement took the edge off a popular impression that unions had somehow invented the legal tangle.

The Supreme Court is expected to get its second look at the case after an appeal by the Department of Justice.

Awkward Truth

Taxes

CAMPAIGNING last fall, Republicans chanted glibly of a cut in taxes. The refrain made beautiful music in the eardrums of most US taxpayers. Now November's free-and-easy lyrics echo coldly over Capitol Hill.

The first bill into the hopper of the 80th Congress—House Resolution 1—was Representative Harold Knutson's (R, Minn.) proposal for a 20-percent, across-the-board slash in taxes on incomes up to $304,396. Coming from the GOP chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, HR 1 rustled authoritatively. Republicans beamed proudly over the editorial praise initially hailing the new trend in federal finances.

The grins quickly faded. When the arithmetic of the Knutson bill was worked out, an awkward truth had been exposed. HR 1 rewarded the rich much more handsomely than the poor. For a married man with two dependents Knutson's across-the-board tax relief added up to this:

Net Income	*Present Tax*	*Proposed Tax*	*Income Increase (after taxes)*
$2,500	$95	$76	.8 percent
5,000	589	471	2.7 "
10,000	1,862	1,490	4.6 "
100,000	62,301	49,841	33.1 "
304,396	237,500	190,000	71.0 "

Democrats wasted no time in making political capital of the significant contrast between the Knutson proposal to add 71-percent to top-bracket net incomes (after taxes) and the bill's paltry rebates to the majority of American taxpayers. GOP Representative Albert Engel (Mich.) rose up in the House to bewail that Republican sponsorship of such a relieve-the-rich measure might be suicidal in 1948.

Republicans were further embarrassed by the paradox of trying to cut taxes and balance the budget simultaneously. The Knutson bill would lop $4 billion from US Treasury receipts. Even if Republicans pared a promised $3.5 billion from the President's budget recommendations, an across-the-board tax cut would leave the government further in the hole. The Republican majority in the House voted to continue wartime taxes on luxuries.

Cautiously Speaker Joe Martin opined that income-tax reduction had better await a firmer grip on the budget. Senator Taft agreed. Last week Taft announced his opposition to making any income-tax reduction effective before July 1, the start of the next government fiscal year.

The quibbling of Republican congressional leaders deceived no one. The GOP was backing down. Knutson forlornly insisted that he could see "no good reason to change my bill." But "across-the-board" had mysteriously disappeared from the vocabulary of most of his congressional colleagues. Fum-

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"SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY!"

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bling for an out, GOP leaders began looking for a formula that would make November promises less painful to recall.

Gerhart Eisler

Espionage

GERHART EISLER, the alleged Russian secret agent, was placed on the carpet of the House Un-American Activities Committee last week and now awaits federal prosecution in his pen at Ellis Island. After one day of dramatic testimony, which included accusations that Eisler was linked to the Canadian atom-bomb spy ring, committee chairman J. Parnell Thomas (R, N. J.) said confidently, "We're sure we've netted the biggest fish of all."

The bald, bespectacled little German refugee was awaiting permission to leave the US for Germany when the committee opened fire and asked the Justice Department to prosecute him on these counts:

1. Contempt of Congress. Eisler defiantly refused to be sworn in before the committee until he had made a statement of his own. Thomas demanded that he be taken from the room unheard.

2. Perjury. When he entered the US in 1941, Eisler denied under oath that he was a Communist. He now admits it.

3. Passport falsification. Several passports bearing different names, but in each case Eisler's picture, were introduced in the testimony.

The basis for two other charges—income-tax evasion and conspiracy to overthrow the US Government—was less clear. The first apparently rested on three checks for $150 issued by the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee to one Julius Eisman. The FBI testified that the checks were endorsed by Eisler. Conspiracy to overthrow the government was slapped on Eisler after the testimony of three unusual witnesses who denounced him as a dangerous agent of the Soviet secret police. William O. Nowell, Detroit ex-Communist, said he knew Eisler in 1931 at the Lenin School at Moscow, "where he [Eisler] studied techniques of conspiracy and sabotage." Eisler's sister, Ruth Fischer, bitterly described her mild-looking brother as "the perfect terrorist type most dangerous for the people of both America and Germany."

Louis F. Budenz, ex-Communist editor of the *Daily Worker,* testified that Eisler was linked with Canada's atom-bomb espionage case of last year. Budenz said that Sam Carr, a fugitive from Canadian justice, "sought to see Eisler on political or espionage matters." FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover added that Eisler had been in contact with persons "strongly suspected" of espionage.

These rather vague implications were the ones which caught the fancy of most newspaper headline writers. The committee declared that the Eisler case was "just the beginning of a probe into Communist espionage activities in this country and Canada."

Overture

Moscow

IN THESE last few weeks before the Foreign Ministers' meeting in Moscow, Soviet interest in the German question is reaching a crescendo. No issue of a newspaper or magazine is without its inspired commentary on some phase of this tangled problem. Military men, economists, political writers, technicians and ordinary journalists all seem to be trying to outdo one another in their criticism of the Western powers.

The authorities in the American and British zones of occupied Germany are variously accused of perpetuating German monopolies, preserving German war potential, supporting German reaction, stifling German labor, sabotaging the reparations agreement and, in general, behaving in a highly unfriendly fashion. The charge of continuing to harbor German military units is revived against the British. Moreover, the Soviet version of what is happening in Germany is frequently linked to the Churchill scheme for a "United Europe," which is regarded as an obvious anti-Soviet stratagem. The parallel of the American proposal by Dulles—a Western bloc based on western Germany—has also drawn fire.

From all this welter of comment, a few significant facts emerge which may well serve as a handy guide for Molotov's guests at the Foreign Ministers' meeting:

¶ Soviet sentiment is superchargedly hostile to a fusion of the American and British zones on the ground that it short-circuits the Potsdam agreement for complete political and economic unification and is intended to prevent joint Allied control of the Ruhr.

¶ The chief Soviet complaint is the alleged lack of denazification and demilitarization in the western zones.

¶ Beneath all ideological differences over Germany's future lies a thick and solid stratum of concern over reparations, or rather the lack of them.

¶ Finally, there is the Soviet position that Germany's eastern frontiers have already been irrevocably fixed and cannot be changed.

These would seem to be the principal Soviet cards that will be played upon the conference table. How they fare will depend on the cards other players put forth. It can be said from accumulating evidence, however, that the Russians expect to have an extremely strong hand.

Although the present flood of comment is obvious groundwork for a well contested conference, it is also quite possible that the intricacy of the German problem and the very positive feelings that it induces on all sides may make the March meeting a relatively short and innocuous one. The numerous reports to be made to the Foreign Ministers' Council will presumably require considerable study, especially since not all will be joint reports. Now that the Foreign Ministers' deputies are functioning, they provide a perfect agency to which matters may be referred. Furthermore, the Soviet suggestion that a general peace conference be held on the German treaty, just as in the case of the satellite states, is qualified by a stipulation that first a central German government must be established. Molotov had already told his colleagues at Paris that several probationary years should elapse before such a government could be dealt with.

The March meeting is therefore only the beginning of a long, delicate and arduous process. Much water will flow under the bridges of Germany before the end is reached. The Russians, at any rate, know in what direction they want the water to flow.

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Washington Wire

Variety and Excitement

WASHINGTON is the best free show on earth. The past week has been fascinating. The problem is to get it all in—but here goes.

Let's start with Truman. His hat's in the ring now. Of course he knew in advance about the Hannegan speech; of course, too, his hat has been in the ring all the time. What's happening is a new twist—the fiction of domestic "cooperation" is beginning to wear thin. Four reasons for this: Truman's found his second wind and his revived prestige has thrown a little scare into the divided GOP; Republican investigating committees are quietly gathering material for their full-scale assaults on the Democratic war record, to be launched soon; important bills are taking shape, some of which will probably bring Truman's veto; the functional antagonism between executive and legislative in our system of government is beginning to assert itself as Truman stands serene and aloof, harping on the full responsibility of Congress. We guess it will be about three months—maybe sooner—before the present passive phase of fighting turns into the affirmative type.

MARSHALL'S had his first press conference. Place: the baroque State Department's "conference room," all marble, gilt and glitter; balcony hung around the sides like a throne room in a second-class Germanic kingdom. There are 150 seated reporters. Marshall is in command of the situation at all times. He is stiff at first, gradually thaws out. He never stumbles for a name or hesitates for a date. He takes the audience on a quick, incisive world tour of American foreign policy. A cold wind blows through an open lattice; we sit on edge. Marshall uses military phrases unconsciously: the "European Theatre"; Acheson "is my second in command." He is simple, firm, direct, modest. You may question some of his policies. But he leaves no doubt he is one of the ablest men in Washington. A group of English correspondents go out with us. They exchange glances. "What a man," they say, "what a man."

THE AIR is hot, smoky, fetid in the Un-American Activities Committee's hearing on Gerhart Eisler. There are no seats when we arrive, and we stand and sweat in the crowd. To its own astonishment, the old "Dies" Committee seems to have turned up something in spite of itself. The aliases of Austrian-born Communist Eisler, his curious goings and comings, his lies, deceptions, apparent perjuries, are read. We should be less than candid if we did not report that we regard Eisler as a bad egg. He illustrates and symbolizes the strange, conspiratorial aspect of imported communism. Whether he is a little or big figure we don't know. Either way, we don't like him.

MEANWHILE Senate confirmation hearings on Lilienthal go on, really turning on fear of Russia and what we shall do with the ticking bomb. The shuddering committee again faces the fantastic situation of a "secret"—one that can't be kept and is already leaking, one that concerns a cosmic weapon that can blow up civilization. An insane touch is lent by a patronage grudge fight of 78-year-old McKellar against Lilienthal, who, the Senator charges, is a "Communist." Lilienthal replies in a noble statement of faith.

NOW look at the Senate Labor Committee hearings: Stassen testifying. What a show! Avowed presidential-candidate Stassen, the witness, faces unavowed presidential-candidate Taft, chairman of the committee. Also across the table sits Stassen's erstwhile protégé, Ball (R, Minn.) young, lanky, cadaverous, whose extreme anti-labor proposal Stassen is now quietly denouncing. Stassen's no shining liberal; he doesn't even want American foremen to join independent unions as they do in Britain, and would stop it by law. But as he attacks bills attempting to bar industrywide bargaining, the closed shop, compulsory arbitration, and as he eloquently tries to make Ball see that labor is not a "commodity," one can't help feeling that he is near the top of the GOP lot.

OUR next scene is a little cubbyhole House committee. All it is considering is a proposed twenty-second amendment to the Constitution—limiting Presidents to two terms. An important matter? Well, it gets only one day's testimony before submission for House passage. Representative Buck (R, N. Y.) testifies that Mexico had her Diaz; Venezuela, her Gomez; Brazil, her Vargas; and the United States—its Roosevelt. That's what the amendment would prevent. Buck is tactfully silenced in floor debate, though his views doubtless are widespread among Republicans. But the pending amendment would, on at least two occasions, have changed world history. It is so written that a Vice President succeeding a President can be elected only once: Truman couldn't run again in 1952 if elected in 1948. This rigid provision would have barred Teddy Roosevelt from making the Bull Moose campaign in 1912 that split Republicans and probably elected Wilson, giving the world the League. And, second, the amendment would have prevented the masses from overwhelmingly reëlecting FDR in the war emergency of 1940.

WELL, those are some highlights of the week. They omit the Vandenberg-Millikin compromise proposal to delay debates on the reciprocal-tariff program till next year—smack in front of the presidential battle. Variety and excitement? Washington's full of it! Yep, it's the best free show on earth.

Washington T. R. B.

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Back-Page Story

by Myron Emanuel

Today it takes a careful search of the news to find this chapter of Nazi Germany, whose future lies on a Moscow conference table

Buried in the back pages of a newspaper the other day was this brief dispatch from Warsaw:

"The Polish military mission in the US zone of Germany has requested American military authorities to extradite to Poland Dr. H. Mengele, who, as chief physician of the Auschwitz concentration camp, sent hundreds of thousands of Jews to gas chambers. Mengele was captured near Berlin." Most US readers, if they noticed the item at all, passed it quickly by. But one, at least, paused with good reason to remember. The *NR* herewith prints her vivid recollections, which, like so many others, are gradually being buried by the overgrowth of time.

"THE LAST time I saw him alive," said the woman in the hotel room looking at the picture of the boy, "was the night the Nazis took me to the Auschwitz camp. That was the last time I saw any of my people. My family—my husband, my son, my mother and father, three brothers, three sisters, three sisters-in-law, three tiny nephews—were the last Jews left in Siget [a small town in Hungarian Transylvania]. The Nazis took us in March, 1944. It was this same time of day."

The winter sun had just cast its last glint upon the pale yellow walls of the small New York hotel room and the shadows softly followed. Dr. Gisella Perl walked to the light switch, hesitated for a moment, then walked away leaving the room to the shadows. She had told me she was 39. I could see only a tired, lined face, aged beyond all guess, hollow, with sad eyes, across the room from me.

"The Nazis did not tell us where we were going. They packed us into a cattle train with 70 other people. There was no air, no light, no toilet, no food. We were too jammed in to lie down. No one could sleep. For eight days and nights we traveled. The little food we brought with us was finished on the third day. My family was with me, and that helped a little.

"The train stopped on the eighth night and the doors opened. But even before we could jump from the train, SS men were there with whips and clubs. They threw us on the ground. If we did not get up right away they whipped us. The old one, the infants, the sick ones; it did not matter. Even the air hurt us. It was not fresh. It was burnt. There was a terrible odor of something burning. All around us were huge fires. The sky was red with the flames and the smoke.

"My train had more than 30 cars and from all the cars people were being thrown to the ground. Soldiers began separating us into rows of old men, old women, young men, young women, children. We began to cry and scream and shout. I was holding my mother's hand. My last memory of my mother is a Nazi soldier grabbing her from me, hitting her, knocking her down and shoving her into a group of other elderly women.

"While we were being assembled, a tall, well dressed man in Nazi uniform stood near the camp entrance waving a forefinger to the right or left as the people passed him on the way. I asked a soldier who the man was. He said 'That is our doctor. That is Mengele.'

"The night I came, 36,000 people arrived at Auschwitz. The next day only 2,000 were alive. Mengele had waved 34,000 people to the left into the crematorium. I never saw my family again."

While she talked, Dr. Perl pressed her son's photograph tightly to her body. Now she released the picture, walked slowly across the room and put it back on the dressing table.

"I waited outside the camp and

Myron Emanuel has written in the past for Newsweek *and* Life *magazines.*

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was placed in a group of a thousand young women. We were narcotized by the heat, the fumes, the crying, the beatings, the separations. We formed lines and were ordered to march along a narrow road. The soldiers beat us with whips as we walked. On both sides of the road were hundreds of corpses. Most had no heads. Those with heads had blood gushing from eyes and mouths. They had all died recently. The guards told us that these dead people were prisoners who had fallen out of line on their march to the camp.

"The guards stopped our column before a wooden barracks. It had a sign marked 'Disinfecting.' The guards tried to push us in, but our fear of the unknown was greater than our fear of death or whippings. We refused. Then the soldiers whipped us and clubbed us. Suddenly they stopped and a non-commissioned officer yelled, 'Have you a doctor among you?'

"I stepped forward and told him I was a doctor—a practising doctor since 1930. He said 'Good. Then tell these animals they must go in there and be disinfected or I will beat every one of them to death'."

Dr. Perl sat on the edge of a straight-backed chair and plucked at her sleeve. "So I made my first speech at Auschwitz. I told them that maybe it really was a place to disinfect people. Maybe they wouldn't kill us in there. If we didn't go in, they would surely kill us outside. My companions finally agreed to enter.

"Inside the smell was overpowering. The soldiers made us strip to the skin. They looked us over very carefully. When the soldiers found a woman with a particularly fine body, they would whip her. Naked, we walked around the huge room. Prisoners who had been there for some time cut off all the hair we had on our body. Others spread a horrible-smelling liquid all over us. It burned our skin. Then we were given a crazy assortment of rags in exchange for the clothes we had taken off. I had to wear a child's black dress which was very tight and came nowhere near my knees. Other women had to wear evening gowns, black nightgowns, Russian pantaloons—all sorts of ridiculous clothes. On the back of our dresses was painted a big red X.

"With our hair shaved, and dressed in these strange costumes, we could hardly recognize each other.

Sadistic music-lover

SOON there came an order for all female doctors to appear before Mengele. He made me the camp gynecologist. The camp hospital was a filthy shed with a clean sign that said 'Hospital.' There was another sign which said 'This is a stable for 32 horses.'

"Every day Mengele would beat me and the other women doctors assigned to the hospital. He would beat us if we had too many patients; he would beat us if there weren't enough.

"Each day Mengele came to the hospital to make his selections for the crematorium. The usual reason for killing the patients was that they had been in the hospital longer than two or three days and were unfit. Soon, we who were alive envied those who were dead.

"Mengele was the most cold-blooded, methodical and scientific sadist I have ever seen. He was also one of the handsomest and most elegant creatures produced by the Nazis. He stood well over six feet, was well built, good-looking and loved music. He was very fond of the camp orchestra and loved to sing. He would sing all the time—lovely little songs—in a fine voice.

"He was in his middle thirties and, despite his comparatively few years in the profession, was perhaps the best doctor I have met. He was a superb doctor. His diagnoses were brilliant and his techniques were outstanding. He had the camp terrified and hypnotized. One night a young woman rushed up to me and demanded to be introduced to Mengele. She said she was infatuated with him and wanted to sleep with him. I was stunned. Only the month before,

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Mengele had killed her mother and father, her son and her husband. And now she wanted to sleep with him. She said she thought he was wonderful and she adored the songs he sang and the way he sang them. Mengele burned her.

Daily torture

AUSCHWITZ was in reality a group of 12 different camps, all adjoining. Each camp contained approximately 32,000 prisoners. The number varied because sometimes the crematoriums were overworked and could not accommodate a steady flow. At other times new arrivals could not keep pace with the capacity of the furnaces and older prisoners would be taken to fill the quota.

"Camp C, where I was for the first few months, contained only Jewish women. We lived and slept in converted stables. The Nazis put more than a thousand of us in each stable. Like all the rest, my barracks was a long, narrow room about 225 feet long and 20 feet wide. Lining both sides of the room were triple-decker bunks measuring nine feet by six. The 'bunks' were crumbling wooden boards which would frequently collapse under the weight of our bodies. Never fewer than 30 of us would be made to sleep on each deck and many times there would be 50 of us there for a night.

"There were no windows in the room and no light. The only air we breathed came from the doors, which the guards rarely opened. Everybody tried to sleep near the door and there were always fights for the privilege of crawling into a bunk which might be blessed with a little air when the guard came in to look around. The most desirable bunks were those on top, since every night at least one bunk would fall down and crush the people below.

"For the first few nights I was there I could not sleep because of the terrible noises. The sick people groaned and cried all night long. The mentally deranged prisoners in our barracks screamed and shrieked. And then there were the snores. But after a while I got used to the sounds and I fell asleep as soon as I climbed into the bunk.

"Prisoners at Auschwitz were forced to rise at four a.m. Three minutes later they were expected to be standing at attention and in formation before the barracks. There they would stand with their bodies erect, hands at their sides and feet close together until the SS guards came to count them. The guards never took less than four hours to arrive; many times it was six hours. In the meantime soldiers made sure that the prisoners kept their positions.

"The torture did not end after we were counted. Then we were made to kneel on the ground. It made no difference what kind of weather it was. We had to stand at attention in the snow, the heat, the rain. And then we had to kneel on the ground and wear out our kneecaps for an additional two hours.

Lower than animals

ABOUT 12:30 p.m., after our knees were sufficiently bloody and bruised to suit the Nazis, we were paraded back to the barracks for our first meal of the day. Ten women, each with a pailful of stinking, slimy food which nauseated us, would start passing out the meal. They shoveled the mess into small pots and five of us ate from each pot. We would stand together in a little circle and act like animals. We would stare at the first person who lifted the pot to her lips and try to make sure she took no more than her share. Then the second person would eat, then the third, then the fourth, then the last. Usually there was very little left for the last. The food over which we fought and screamed was usually made of chopped carrots mixed with fruit pits, stones, wood and hair.

"Our meals were loaded with saltpeter because Mengele had the theory that a sufficient dosage would eliminate our menstrual periods, destroy our ovaries and make us lose our female characteristics. All it did was make us abnormally thirsty. We went mad with thirst.

"The only time we were allowed to drink water or go to the latrine was just after this meal. The only place we could drink was in a little room across from the barracks where six water taps were located. It was the entire water supply for 32,000 women. It was in the water room and in the latrine that the Nazis finally succeeded in making us beasts. Thirty-two thousand women fighting, scratching, screaming, clubbing, kicking, cursing their way through to six water taps, each thirstier than the next. Every day someone was beaten to death in the struggle for water—water which came from a tap beneath a sign which said: 'This water is infected. It Contains Typhus. If you drink it YOU WILL GET SICK.' We drank it. Most times the water was mixed with our blood.

"Across from the tap room was the latrine. There it was worse. There we were not even animals.

"Twenty holes in the ground had to serve as latrines for the 32,000 women. We fought to get in and we usually had to be carried out. Our jailers, who were the older prisoners and who were trying to win favors from the Nazis, beat us coming in and going out. The noise was terrible. And the SS men would come around every afternoon to watch us and laugh at women fighting to get into the latrine and rolling around in a mixture of blood, feces and urine while they fought.

"Immediately after, the concentration-camp inmates were again ordered to stand at attention in front of their barracks. There they would wait for Mengele to show up and select two or three hundred for the crematorium."

Pregnancy meant death

DR. PERL, because of her profession, was spared the crematorium. "But in the hospital," she said, "I kept wishing I would be sent to the flames. Mengele would whip us, beat us and call me and my four colleagues 'you five old whores.'

"Once a Gentile woman doctor came to our hospital from another Auschwitz camp where she was imprisoned, to offer her services in the infirmary. Mengele looked at her and asked her the name of the muscle which runs from the shoulder to the breast. My God! By this time we had forgotten our own names and he expected her to remember the name of the *pectoralis major.* Of course she didn't know. He told her it was the *pectoralis major;* he said she was a fraud and burned her.

"After a few weeks Mengele ordered me to examine every Jewish woman

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who came into the camp and report those who were pregnant. He was very much interested in this phase of my work. Sometimes he would examine them himself—even after I had examined them. He loved to touch the breasts of women and if he found an especially large breast, or one that was especially firm, he would have me reëxamine her to make sure she was not pregnant.

"He set aside a barracks for these pregnant women and in a dark corner of the room he installed a bare wooden table which he told me was the 'delivery table.'

"When a child was born, I was forced to wrap it in a paper coverlet and take it to another barracks. In a room filled with poor miserable specimens awaiting cremation, covered with filth and lice, I had to put the child on the floor and leave. Later they burned it.

"Once I delivered a beautiful child. He was big and strong and was born with long, black, lovely hair. Mengele told me to take him where I had put all the rest. I cried for the first time. I told him it was such a beautiful child, such a wonderful child, please to let this child live. I almost died with joy when he changed his mind about killing the baby. I found some paper and made a bow for the baby's hair. I took some rags and made a little dress for the child. No one in the hospital could eat or sleep or work. We were so happy. The next day Mengele came to see the baby and said it was truly a wonderful child. An hour later he sent me an order saying that I was to bring the child to the crematorium.

"That day Mengele decided he had had enough fun with the pregnant women and burned them all. The order came while a woman was delivering. Mengele threw her off the table and had her sent to the fires with the rest.

"After that I never again reported a pregnant woman. He beat me, kicked me, whipped me, threatened to kill me, but I did not report a pregnant woman to him the last eight months I remained in Auschwitz.

"Instead, as I examined the women who came to the camp, I noticed which were pregnant. Then at night I would go to see them. Because I was a doctor the guards let me go from barracks to barracks. For eight months I got little or no sleep. I worked every night. I would go from one pregnant woman to another. I would crawl into the slabs where the woman was and, hidden from the guards by the bodies of her bedmates, I would remove the fetus from the mother so that the mother might live. The worst part came after the operation, when I would bind their stomachs and have to stop the bleeding."

From Auschwitz to Belsen

AFTER 11 months in Auschwitz, Mengele shifted Dr. Perl to the Belsen camp in western Germany.

"Why Mengele did not kill me instead of sending me to Belsen, I do not know," says Dr. Perl. "Death was so cheap in Auschwitz; it was scientifically planned; it was occurring all the time. But I was spared. They loaded me in another cattle train and off I went."

Dr. Perl was in Belsen four months, until the British Second Army liberated the camp. After her release by the British, she traveled through Germany looking for traces of her husband, who, she learned, had not been burned. She tracked down clues, discovered he had been a slave laborer in a coal mine and had been beaten to death near Flossenberg.

Dr. Perl would like to be an American doctor, but that is impossible until she can change her visitor's permit for a regular immigrant's permit. And she is having trouble getting that done. In the meantime she is studying her old medical textbooks in order to take the New York State medical examination this coming May, hoping that her permit will come through before then.

The United States Army captured Mengele alive in Berlin a few weeks ago," said Dr. Perl, "and they have asked for people who know anything about his activities to be present at the proceedings." Dr. Perl will be represented by a long affidavit. "I hope my testimony will hang him."

Then she turned to the switch and flicked on the lights and opened one of her medical textbooks to examine a colorful cross-section of the *pectoralis major.*

Drawings by John Groth

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Your Radio Is Obsolete

by Thomas Whiteside

FM's slow challenge to conventional radio techniques opens markets for new sets and opportunities for would-be broadcasters

NEW TECHNOLOGIES are on the march across our sky, bearing with them a breath of freedom. A new—and in our lifetime perhaps the last—opportunity has arisen for the ordinary man to communicate cheaply and efficiently with vast masses of people, to compete on equal terms with the giants of the press and the air waves. The science of communication now has given us twentieth-century tools to realize an eighteenth-century heritage—the dream of free men competing on a level of equality. All this is an opportunity that presents itself now, for a moment only, in the story of America.

The battlefield in the struggle for power is the air above us. The present prosperity of the great broadcasting networks and stations rests upon an artificial monopoly created by the scarcity of frequencies in conventional, or AM, broadcasting. Almost all frequencies in the conventional broadcasting band already have been allotted to established radio entrepreneurs, whose 1,200 stations overlap and conflict to create for the engineer an electronic nightmare, for the listener a dissonant babel and for the would-be broadcaster a closed corporation.

Today, this artificial monopoly is being threatened by a development that can little longer be held back—Frequency Modulation. Frequency Modulation—commonly known as FM—throws the radio broadcasting spectrum wide open to the ordinary citizen. The FM portion of the spectrum provides room for 3,000 to 4,000 new stations.

To capture these new FM bands, the giants and their lesser but well established operators must control key strata of the air waves. One major difficulty stands in the way of unlimited dominance of this new development by the purse-heavy groups that now control AM: Exploitation of the air waves is regulated by the Federal Communications Commission. The conventional broadcasters' solution is simple—eliminate the FCC. The National Association of Broadcasters (NAB) considers the atmosphere in which we live the particular domain of its members. The FCC—and the law—consider the air waves to be the property of the American people as a whole. In presenting the problem to the people themselves, the US press has tended to side with the NAB, and thus learned Hearst scribes are apt to refer to the ownership of the air waves by 140 million Americans as "dictatorial and totalitarian control."

FM brings to radio a new efficiency. FCC chairman Charles R. Denny calls it "the finest aural broadcast system attainable in the present state of the radio art." Technically, it consists of a means to vary the frequency rather than the amplitude of broadcast signals. FM was first disclosed to the public in 1935 by Major Edwin H. Armstrong. Progress of FM made your conventional, or Amplitude Modulation, radio obsolescent five years ago. When you listen through a properly constructed FM receiver, you hear no static, even during the worst thunderstorms. Your programs are reproduced with astonishingly high fidelity. You hear no interference from other stations. If two programs come to you on the same frequency, your FM set will accept the stronger signal and reject entirely the weaker. With FM there are no fading and no background noise. A good AM-FM table-model set should cost you between $50 and $100 this year.

You can set up an FM station for comparatively little money. A consulting engineer estimates that a group of young men unafraid of shirt-sleeve work can go into a city of 50,000 and put a 250-watt, community FM station on the air for $20,000, provided their office quarters can easily be adapted to studio use. If they go into one of the 114 towns in the US where the only newspaper and the only radio station are commonly owned, the community will probably welcome them with open arms. And the merchants will relish new competition which will pull down the high advertising rates which prevail in a monopoly town.

Love that frequency

THE FCC grants private individuals the right to broadcast in the public interest on an assigned frequency. These frequencies, AM or FM, are assigned without cost. Theoretically, they have no market value. In practice, AM frequencies are being trafficked for enormous sums because they are scarce. Standard broadcasting stations are selling for four and five times the value of their physical assets. When the King-Trendle Broadcasting Corporation sold Station WXYZ, Detroit, to the American Broadcasting Company for $2.8 million, $2,155,000 of the sum went for good will. The station, according to the testimony of the transferee, could actually have been duplicated for $300,000. Some "clear" (opposition-free) AM channels have a market price of $2 million apiece. A man, or group, that controls an AM frequency has a pipeline to fortune. In 1945 the broadcasting industry, including networks, grossed $310,484,000 from the sale of air time. Of this, profits before taxes amounted to $83.5 million—or 200 percent of the total present value of its physical assets.

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No such market in FM frequencies exists—yet. In smaller communities, 3,000 FM frequencies still await applicants. But to obtain these frequencies, small businessmen and new enterprisers will have to act fast. By the end of this year, the FCC expects to see 700 FM stations on the air, an increase of 600 percent over 1946. Few progressive individuals or associations have applied for frequencies.

A breakdown of FM frequency applications for 1946 shows who gets what. Of 901 applications, conventional broadcasters formed the majority with 69.7 percent of the total. Next came the newspaper interests, who failed to grab radio in the twenties and don't intend to miss a good thing this time. In particular, they have their eye cocked on facsimile.

Together, AM stations and newspapers made 80.8 percent of all 1946 FM applications; and labor, only five percent. Even this five-percent figure is misleading, for many labor applications may be withdrawn. So sluggish has labor been in realizing its FM opportunities that FM frequencies in metropolitan areas, where labor needs channels most, are by now well in the hands of established AM stations and newspaper interests. Outside of the unions, only one coöperative FM station exists—Washington's WQQW, which, under the direction of ex-FCC analyst Edward Brecher, specializes in fine music and accepts no patent-medicine commercials unless approved by its medical advisory board.

Also, love that dollar

No one who has had anything to do with FM will promise the newcomer that all will be smooth and easy. The difficulties and the risks are high, though not insurmountable.

The mere business of obtaining a frequency involves a great deal of work and worry. An FCC application is not like a sugar-stamp form, but is a highly technical questionnaire. Transmitter equipment is hard to get. Costs are extremely difficult to gauge. Since FM signals extend only slightly over the horizon, you need a high transmitting point. You might buy a small mountain with a shack on it for a transmitting site, and then find that it will cost you $100,000 to build a road up the mountain. Or, at the last moment, the Civil Aeronautics Authority may find your tower a hazard to aircraft. You are left with a useless mountain. You have trouble finding suitable studio space because of the housing shortage. And you cannot build a studio without priorities.

To live, you need to sell air time. The advertiser says there are not enough FM sets in the district to make FM advertising worth his while. You go to the local radio dealer and find he hasn't any FM sets. You get the dealer to write his distributor, who replies that he gets only a trickle of FM sets from the manufacturer and that they are expensive console models. You write the manufacturer. The manufacturer replies that he can't get wooden cabinets from the furniture manufacturers. Breathing hard, you write the furniture manufacturer. He writes that it is more profitable for him to make furniture than to turn out radio cabinets.

Some irrepressible radicals have been insisting that a conspiracy exists among radio manufacturers to hold up the production of FM sets. This accusation is hardly fair, because manufacturers have undoubtedly had material shortages and strikes, and naturally don't want to turn out too many FM sets until there are more FM stations on the air. On the other hand, new FM operators are worried about going on the air without FM sets to give them listeners.

This vicious circle, as one authority explained, is caused solely by "the natural flow of economic forces." Some of these forces are apt to flow faster than others. Last year, for example, they flowed swiftly and easily in and out of consumers' pockets with $650 million worth of AM radios—a year in which sets with FM, "the finest aural broadcasting system attainable," comprised only one percent of total production.

Apparently, the manufacturers are making hay while the sun shines. Some outspoken FM specialists say that the captains of our great radio industry see a chance to unload upon an unperceptive public all the off-brand, jerry-built and overpriced AM sets that lie upon their shelves. They quote manufacturers as admitting that they are out to exhaust the AM market before selling the public AM-FM sets which will make their AM radio sets obsolete. Some distributors complain of being "sandbagged," *i. e.,* forced to accept large quotas of outmoded and inefficient AM radios when 75 percent of people buying better models are demanding FM. Lack of receivers so irritated the Unity Broadcasting Corporation, an FM labor coöperative backed by the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, that its radio consultant, Morris Novik, contracted with a manufacturer to make 25,000 FM sets for sale to ILGWU members at cost.

Station-wagon blues

In view of this rising demand for FM, one wonders that our great radio industrialists, with their acute awareness of advertising and an eye on a new and expanding market, have not thought to flood the nation's air waves, newspapers

PROUDLY WE INTRODUCE
RADIO STATION
WFMZ
A NEW VOICE COMING SOON TO ALLENTOWN
With FREQUENCY MODULATION
We welcome with pride ... the opportunity ... to bring to the Allentown Metropolitan Area a new Radio Station ... dedicated to the service of the community ... and offering you new listening pleasure through the medium of FM (Frequency Modulation) ... a revolutionary advance in radio which will afford you unparalleled listening pleasure ... with reception of a fidelity, clarity and freedom from static never before thought possible ... so real ... that it brings the performers right into your own living room.
We ... at WFMZ ... are working night and day to hasten the construction of our broadcast facilities so that you may hear this new voice without delay.
IF YOU HAVE A RADIO WITHOUT FM YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO HEAR WFMZ ... AND OTHER FM STATIONS ... SO ...
NOW . . . . MORE THAN EVER . . . . BE SURE YOUR NEW RADIO HAS FM!
ASK YOUR DEALER ABOUT FM .... OR WRITE
THE PENN-ALLEN BROADCASTING CO.
MASONIC TEMPLE BUILDING, ALLENTOWN, PA.

WHEN ALLENTOWN'S PIONEERING VETS RAN ADS LIKE THESE, LOCAL CITIZENS REFUSED TO BUY SETS WITHOUT FM

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and magazines with the glad tidings that FM, the archenemy of all static, is here.

Last month the Radio Manufacturers' Association estimated 1947 FM-set production at two million out of a total production of 15 million. Yet, with certain exceptions, the industry makes only the feeblest of efforts to sell the public on FM.

"Just plain sour. . . ."

THE networks are also backward. They have gone before the FCC and said many beautiful things, duly noted in the record, about FM. But they seem downright shy about telling the same story to the public. Possibly this ambivalent attitude is exemplified best by the FCC hearings on the sale of WXYZ, the conventional Detroit station, to the American Broadcasting Company. ABC, commissioner James Durr noted with some surprise, "proposes to invest in a standard broadcasting station . . . approximately 84 times as much as it proposes to invest in an FM station which will give better coverage and better service. . . . The witness [ABC president Mark Woods] conceded that its $2.8 million investment in Station WXYZ would become less valuable as FM sets are manufactured in the Detroit area."

As one FM operator put it, the networks are "just plain sour on FM." More FM stations mean more competition. And more competition means new networks and a smaller slice of radio's very profitable pie for the existing giants. The entry of FM means that the networks' glorious AM key outlet arrangements, which now make it virtually impossible for new AM networks to intrude upon their territories, will be thrown into disorder, and that the offering of new talents and new ideas will soak up profits rightfully due the present guardians of the natural economic flow. More immediately, conversion to FM with its superior service would mean shrinkage of the 250 to 750-mile area covered at night by the networks' key 50-kilowatt outlets, from whose frequencies all opposition has been driven, to an unprofitable 30 to 60 miles.

Among the factors militating against FM newcomers is the lack of network musical shows. FM operators thus have the hard task of competing with conventional stations blessed with the network-borne Jack Benny. Concerning this problem, the networks point an accusing finger at James C. Petrillo, for Petrillo has forbidden the networks to pipe network musical shows over AM and FM simultaneously unless his musicians get extra money.

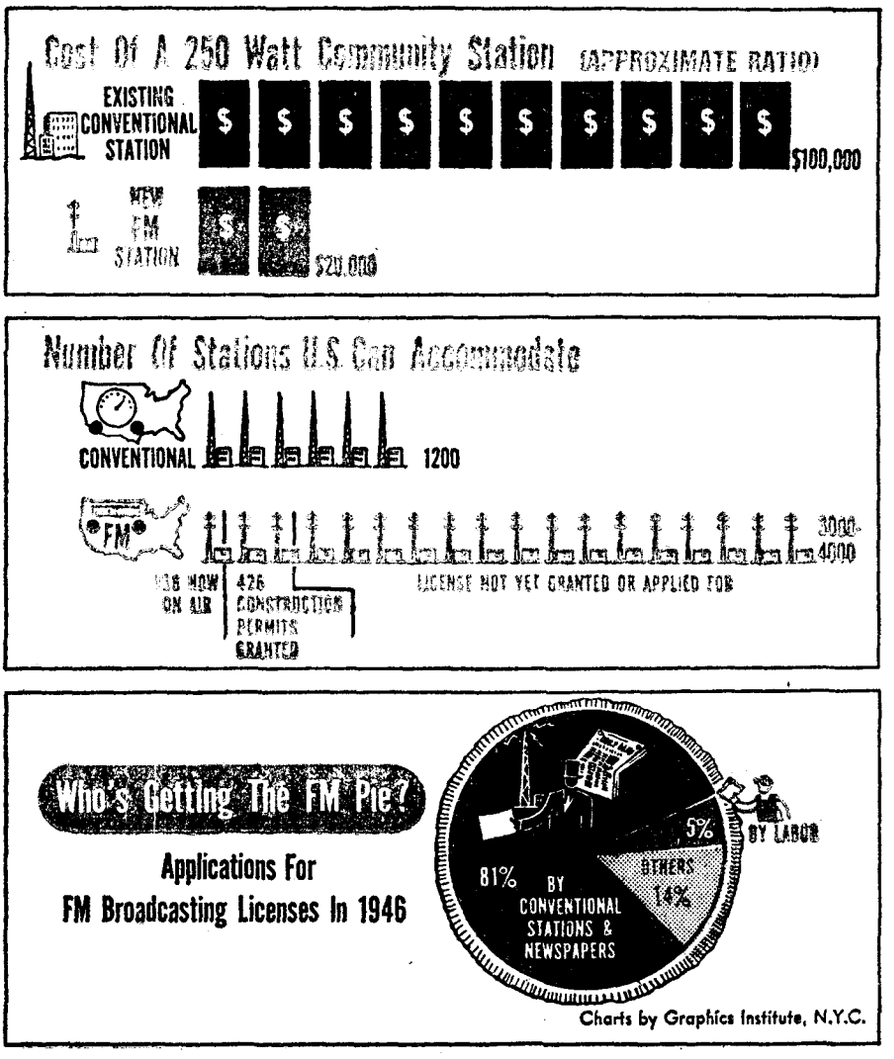
In making this explanation, the networks conveniently kill three birds with one stone: they villainize their old enemy Petrillo, retard the progress of their FM competitors and avoid the embarrassment of having to compete with themselves over two channels for the same audience.

At present, the networks allow affiliates to broadcast their non-musical programs over FM channels. But independent FM stations are not so fortunate. "If an FM independent goes into a town where we already have a network affiliate, we're surely not going to give him a network service," said one network man.

The networks do little to promote their own FM outlets. New York's WNBC-FM, for example, broadcasts the same records over and over to fill the six hours' daily broadcast time required by FCC regulations. "We just juggle the records like an army menu," an NBC official explained.

Five newcomers

THE remarkable thing about all this, however, is that despite the close family feeling among the various corporate siblings of the radio industry, the FM newcomer does have a chance to prosper. FCC officials currently are amazed at the progress made by five young vets who actually applied for an FCC license without first hiring an expensive radio lawyer. Apparently they



FM BROADCASTING OFFERS NEW OPPORTUNITIES FOR VETS, SMALL BUSINESSMEN

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sat down and figured out the complex engineering requirements by themselves. And they have been granted their license. They have set themselves up in Allentown, Pennsylvania, as the Penn-Allen Broadcasting Company.

Allentown is right next to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, home and hearth of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and lies in the pleasant Lehigh Valley. Allentown is prosperous, growing and clean as a whistle. The mayor will proudly give you all the vital statistics: population, 110,000; altitude, 417 feet; bank resources, $54.8 million; 15 fire companies, efficiently manned; and 94 churches, predominantly Lutheran. Clubs: Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Exchange and Four Square. Industries: cement, motor trucks, machinery, textiles.

The townspeople are enthusiastic about the new veterans' FM station. Allentown is one of those communities where the only newspaper and the only radio station are owned by the same men. "We could do with some competition," says a local contractor. "Puts some life into the old town." He displays a matchbook. "FM is coming to Allentown . . . be sure your new radio has FM!" it says on the cover.

Kohn's miracle

HEADQUARTERS of the veterans' new radio station, WFMZ, are to be found in the Masonic Temple Building. There the five partners make their plans. They tell their story, and Raymond F. Kohn, their leader, starts off:

"A couple of us had talked about FM before the war," he says. "At that time I was in the publicity business. When I got out of the Army—I was operations officer at a medical field school—I decided to look around and see if I could buy a radio station.

"I went to the FCC and sized the situation up. Then I took off in my car with my wife through the Eastern states to see if I could get a small existing station. After quite a while, I ran across a run-down 250-watt AM station. I thought it might do the trick. I valued it at around $40,000. The asking price was $200,000. I turned it down, of course."

"Did the owner get his $200,000?" I asked.

"No," said Kohn. "He sold it for $275,000."

This, it seemed, set Kohn to thinking about the high price of AM frequencies. But he went on looking through Pennsylvania. One night he lost his way in a snowstorm, stepped out of his car and found he was in Allentown. "A miracle," he says. Kohn looked the town over. He liked it. The streets were clean, the stores beautiful and the place had a general atmosphere of prosperity. General Electric and Western Electric were moving in with new plants. Textile industries were building up rapidly. And the town had only one radio station. Kohn collared a set, tuned in and found interference and static all around. The stations were jamming each other, and the uneven nature of the countryside caused programs to fade in and out. Street cars, as they passed, raised rasps from loudspeakers. The area was subject to violent electric storms which made conventional reception impossible while they lasted. What this town needed was FM!

Stubborn, crazy fellow

KOHN went to Washington and talked it over. "Everyone said I was crazy to go into FM exclusively," he said. Buy up an existing AM station, went the experts' advice, and broadcast FM on the side until it becomes profitable. But Kohn was stubborn; he just didn't like the idea of paying through the nose for an AM frequency. He decided to apply for an FM license. Friends began to join him from the services.

Jackson Frederick was the first. He got out of the Navy at Christmas, 1945. He had been skipper of a minesweeper. Frederick tossed his savings into the adventure. Next came John Pratt, who had talked FM with Kohn during the war. Pratt had been working in the training division of the chief surgeon's office in Frankfurt, Germany. He threw in some more money. Then came Ray's brother, Earl. He had been working for the Naval Research Laboratory and, before the war, for his Ph.D. in chemistry at Ohio State. His studies at the Naval Laboratory had interested him in FM.

Then followed Millard Fisk, ex-skipper of an LST. In civilian life he had been supervisor of instrumental music for Northport, Long Island, schools. Fisk was interested in FM for two reasons. First, he knew that the high fidelity of FM made it ideal for broadcasting fine music. Second, when he returned to the US to take a new ship to the Pacific, he found it furnished with FM equipment. "That sold me on its possibilities," he said. The Allentown vets were in the process of turning themselves into a corporation while Fisk was still in the Pacific. His wife took a chance and made him a member of the corporation by proxy. "The first I heard about this was when I arrived back in the States," said Fisk. "I found myself vice-president and musical director of a corporation, with every cent of my savings tied up in it."

The vets go all out

SINCE then the vets have been eating, sleeping and thinking FM. All their savings have gone into it. Their wives are at work as breadwinners. Three of the vets went to Lehigh University in the mornings to cram through advanced courses in accounting and corporate finance. In the afternoon they canvassed the area's 75 radio dealers, some of whom knew little if anything about FM. The vets patiently explained, and followed up their explanations with news letters.

Apparently the Pennsylvania Dutch are not in the habit of making decisions lightly. "When they buy a radio," said one of the vets, "they hang on to it until Kingdom Come. We would make speeches to them. Nobody would applaud, nobody would say a word. But about three weeks later they would come back and tell us that they'd been thinking things over, that they liked the idea of FM and wanted us to know they were behind us."

The radio dealers became coöperative; they seemed to like the vets. But last fall, shiny, postwar AM sets started to hit the market in great volume. The vets took half-page ads in the local paper and urged the public to insist on FM in new sets.

The effect was startling. AM sets just stopped selling in Allentown. The dealers took it all with good grace. "We had warned them well in advance," said Kohn. "One dealer told me that if a

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distributor tried to sell him any more AM-only sets, he'd throw him out on his ear."

But still no FM sets came from the manufacturers. The vets decided to do something about it. They wrote telegrams to all the leading radio manufacturers in the country asking for sets and production estimates. The results did not satisfy them. "We couldn't pin them down to actual figures," the vets wrote in their next news letter to local dealers. The vets sat down and typed out 600 letters to every FM station and applicant in the US. They asked them to high-pressure manufacturers and dealers. The startled manufacturers began diverting sets to Allentown.

Today, outside the Masonic Temple, WFMZ's transmitting tower is being erected. Inside, the basement is being converted into specially soundproofed studios designed by one of America's best acoustical engineers, for the Allentown vets accept nothing but the best. Their transmitting power is the highest to which an FM community station can go—1,000 watts. By the time they go on the air, they will have spent $70,000. They could have done it on half that by skimping here and there. But they fully expect to get their investment back. There is nothing starry-eyed about them. They are shrewd, imaginative and energetic. They hope to be a real asset to Allentown. Their station will reach one to two million people and they intend to broadcast 13 hours a day. They intend to give superior service because the public wants it. "We've got to prove to the city that we can give it something," said Kohn. "We have to get commercials to live. But we will see to it that they are in good taste."

On to Pottsville

Now, Allentown has a high-school basketball team—the Allentown Canaries—which is the best in all Pennsylvania, and as the vets talked, the team was just returning from Pottsville and a gigantic victory over Pottsville High.

Perhaps, when Station WFMZ of Allentown goes on the air, Pottsville will be just a little too far over the horizon to hear the Allentown view of such a historic battle. But perhaps Pottsville, too, has five vets with new ideas.

Junior Has A Craving

by Marya Mannes

A worried parent looks at her eight-year-old, flat on the floor and lost in the comic-book world of violence, adventure, escape and sex

Fifty to 70 million people in these United States read comic books regularly. About 20 million copies are sold each month and each copy, according to Market Research, may be read by anywhere from five readers to two hundred; these books are rarely thrown away; they are preserved, loaned, "swapped" ad infinitum. Comic books are the addiction of three out of four American homes. In two of these three homes they are virtually the only reading matter. There must be something to them.

Since my son of eight is one of the 50 million addicts, I have tried to find out exactly what that something is. I have read the comic books he brings home and many that he does not, for he is rationed to two a week. I watch the avidity with which he buys them, the intensity with which he reads them and the completeness with which they cut him off from everything else. Here is a human fraction of that 95 percent of all children between six and 11 who read them regularly and who cannot, ostensibly, live without them.

The professional child psychologists are full of explanations: They say the picture-story technique is the easiest of all printed matter to understand. It can be read by people who cannot read. They say it answers the universal need for action and excitement. Something—usually violent—happens in every picture, with no descriptive matter to slow up the story. Comic books are full of crime and criminals—a timeless subject of human interest. Comic books are full of heroes and heroic deeds, also a timeless absorption. Comic books, they say, are an "outlet," a "release," a "sublimation."

Rationalists, trying to relieve the deep disquiet in the breasts of many mothers and teachers, say: "One generation has its 'Daredevil Dick,' another its 'Superman.' From the myths of Hercules straight down through Paul Bunyan and Jules Verne, impossible adventures have satisfied a craving of mankind. Comic books are merely the contemporary answer to this craving."

This sounds reasonable, but there is something lacking in all the answers. Real books, no matter how tawdry the plot or cheap the writing, demand some effort, some passing thought of the person who reads them. There is no effort whatsoever in the reading of comic books. It is quite the reverse. Because every sequence is short, the books demand no concentration. Because every act is pictured, they demand no imagination. Because no thought (unless you can call the "triumph of good over evil" in its most primitive cops-and-robbers sense a "thought") animates them, they demand no thinking. Comic books in their present form are the absence of thought. They are, in fact, the greatest intellectual narcotic on the market.

If only little children read them and

*Marya Mannes, an ex-*Vogue *editor, has covered foreign news for the* New Yorker *from Spain, Portugal and Italy. She did government work during the war, and recently returned from Palestine.*

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WHAT GOES INTO THE LITTLE DARLING'S MIND

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then outgrew them, they might well be dismissed as a juvenile "phase." But the figures are otherwise. Eighty-seven percent of all adolescent boys (and 81 percent of the girls) read them regularly; 41 percent of all male adults from 18 to 30 read them regularly; and (at least during the war) 44 percent of the armed forces. To be sure, the readership of adults over 30 tapers off to a mere 15 percent or so.

The breakdown of this reading gets more significant as it relates to economic strata. In a study of adult reading by income groups, the poorest homes (those with incomes under $2,000 a year) were found to read comics most—29 percent, to be precise. The wealthier homes (with incomes of $5,000 and over) read them least. Occupations bring out some interesting points: unskilled labor and proprietor or managerial groups read comics most; professional people read them least. City housewives are among the relative abstainers; and, of course, teachers. The female sex as a whole is far less addicted than the male.

A time-waster

FROM these facts one might reasonably conclude that the major enemy of comic books was education. "If people—adults as well as children—have other resources available, they won't need comic books," say the wise. But it doesn't necessarily work out that way. My addicted son has been exposed for all of his eight years to a home full of books, pictures, music and fairly literate talk. He has in his room several books with good clear text and rousing illustrations, ranging from *Treasure Island* to straight Westerns. He has a tool-table and all the implements for drawing and painting, for which he shows talent and in which he is encouraged. He would still rather settle down on the floor with a comic book than do anything else. He will listen politely and sometimes with interest when a book is read aloud to him; but his eye wanders wistfully to the corner where the comic books are stacked. Like many hundreds of thousands, however great the other attractions, he still wants comics.

I don't know what future and enduring harm, if any, comic-book reading will do to my own child. But I do know what current harm it is doing. That harm can be expressed in exactly one word: waste. Primarily, a waste of time which could be used either in learning, playing—or dreaming. Every hour spent in reading comics is an hour in which all inner growth is stopped.

Crime and horror

IT IS only fair to make some distinction among the 125 or more different comic magazines published each month, although the difference does not basically alter the picture. Some are indeed better drawn than others, more clearly printed and more tastefully colored. Some of the action comics like *Superman, Captain Marvel, Captain Midnight* and *Don Winslow of the Navy*—and nearly all the Western comics—are "clean" adventure stories, highly patriotic and virtuous and seldom actively gruesome. Comic-strip patriotism always insists that America has the sole monopoly on democracy. Certain other action comics are vulgar, obscene and wretchedly produced.

The Jungle series, featuring Tarzan-like men and jungle queens who look like Hollywood extras in the latest bra and panty sets, show these characters and "natives" in a series of inane adventures in which dialogue such as this is frequent (Kaanga, Jungle Lord, stabbing a giant tiger): "Not today will you feast on the flesh of my mate. Feast instead on steel!" Although these jungle supermen and women are always shown as saviors of the oppressed and destroyers of the wicked, beast or man, there are enough mammary glands protruding through the pages and enough indications of sadism (half-naked girls bound to racks, etc.) to make a Freudian field day.

The crime-and-horror group also varies in quality. The better ones confine themselves to straight detective stuff; the worst are peopled with deformed gargoyles who, although they are ultimately done in, convey an atmosphere more lurid and hideous than any Grand Guignol.

Most innocent, probably, are the animal comics and the "funny" ones. Of the former, some are patterned on Disney characters; other creations are indigenous to the comics field. These feature humorous or grotesque animals which have their own set of invincible champions, like Super Rabbit or Hoppy the Marvel Bunny confronting the evil denizens of the animal world in a series of hop-and-run exploits. Even here you can stumble across lady rabbits with "cleavage" and situations which are not exactly constructive.

Of all these groups, the best-sellers seem to be the "supermen" ones. The subject matter in this category is almost identical and the hero is always an ordinary citizen who can transform himself, presto, into a miraculous avenger of evil. His alter-ego costume is always a form of tights and helmet, with a magical cape or belt or hood or mask, all cabalistically designed. These men can always fly on their own steam (or atomic pressure) and are inexhaustible, no matter how many times they are conked on the head, pierced by bullets or blown up by bombs. On the face of it, this seems innocent enough: formula of Nice Young Fellow Endowed with Supernatural Powers who fights and conquers bad people and saves the good.

All heroes are lawless

BUT there are several disturbing angles to this theme. The first, and perhaps the most important, is that it is based on a concept of "hooded justice." These "heroes" take things into their own hands. They are accountable to no law, no higher body or organization, no state or city or national discipline. Patriotic as they may be, virtuous as they may be, they are completely lawless. This is certainly the dream of all children, since all children hate authority. It is another thing when this dream is externalized and justified for them—in adult form—every day of their lives. The "good" conquers the "bad" in all these stories purely and simply because the "good," through magical properties, is physically stronger. In 20 million comic books sold, it would be hard to find a single instance where a character conquered only because he was kind, honest, generous or intelligent.

It would be equally hard to find any adventure comic book which did not

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rely for dramatic effect on the human fist hitting the human face. Look through any one of the supermen series and you will see a veritable kaleidoscope of fists—all accompanied by red stars or streaks, and groans from the victims usually indicated by the words "A-a-agh" or "A-wrrk," plus exclamations like "Wham!" "Socko!" The fist, gunfire and explosion: these are the incessantly repeated "scenes." Each story is a catalogue of force, a metronomic repetition of violence that has in it the seeds of aberration, if not of insanity. The reasonable may talk all they please about the lurid literature our fathers used to read in their youth; let them find examples—books widely read by the young of other generations—which can touch the comic books in this particular field.

Like advertising technique, whether printed or broadcast, adventure comics implement their product with superlatives, which is merely another form of violence. Everything is super. On the stands you will find *Super Mystery, Super Magician, Super Rabbit* and a dozen others. Inside their covers you will find descriptions peppered with words like "mightiest," "most fiendish," "most sinister," "eeriest." Conditioned as they must be to this high-powered vocabulary lavished on matters of minimal importance, children are naturally not going to be impressed by the restrained and temperate language of good writers. The persistent reading of comic books can only serve, in the end, to toughen and finally atrophy the nerves of eye and mind.

For the defense

THE defense has a briefcase full of arguments against all these accusations and inferences. For one thing, it will point out the censorship exerted on comic books in order to make them acceptable to young minds. For instance, you cannot show hypo-needles in comics: drugs must be administered in other ways. That surely constitutes a powerful moral protection. A man can be (and is) shot, knifed, blown-up, bitten, run over—but you can't show blood.

There must be no scenes of harm to children (hitting, kidnaping, etc.); no aspersions cast on school or teachers or police (although the police, thanks to the constant intervention of the self-appointed guardians of the good, appear to be rather superfluous).

Some try to educate

SOME sincere efforts have been made to inject material of educational and social value into the existent adventure comics. National Comics published "The Twain Shall Meet," a homily on racial misunderstanding among peoples. This appeared in *Comic Cavalcade,* with the coöperation of the East and West Association, a project of Pearl S. Buck. During the war, the Writers' War Board helped create the character of Radar in an adventure strip called "The International Policeman." Radar caught Nazi and Jap spies and generally did yeoman service for the Allied cause. Lately he has been busting black-market rings and war-makers in South America, but since he is not among the best-sellers, it is doubtful just how much moral influence he exerts on the American young.

Parents' Magazine has for six years been putting out *True Comics,* with the accompanying motto: "Truth is stranger and a thousand times more thrilling than fiction." In this comic book are stories of real adventure and discovery —Hendrik Hudson, Bolivar, Magellan; science in the form of biographies of Edison, Einstein, etc.; tales—of all ages —of real places, people and animals, presented without distortion in spite of the inevitable over-simplification and compression the form demands. My own child never seems to want this. Neither, according to the figures of *True Comics,* do some 48 million others. Nobody gets socked in the face in *True Comics* and there are no red skulls.

Also aimed at elevation is *Catholic Comics,* a magazine full of healthy sports and games, kindly people and little historical essays of a religious nature. But no child is going to ask for that kind of elevation. Left to himself, he reaches for the marijuana.

Like radio executives, comic-book publishers can ultimately answer all criticism by saying, "Look, all we're doing is providing entertainment. That's what people want and that's what we give them. We're not in this business for our health."

The fact is, they may be in the business for the health—the mental and spiritual health—of a whole nation. But selling entertainment to adults who are presumably equipped to choose for themselves is one thing. Selling entertainment to tens of millions of children who are not equipped to choose is, simply, exploitation. It is all very well to say, "We give them what they want." If the rearing of children were based on this concept, they would become anti-social, illiterate monsters at the age of 12.

That 50 million American adults and children crave comic books is no evidence whatsoever that such books have value or that they are without harm. The evidence points rather to a way of life which is so mentally and spiritually poor that comic books are needed to fill it. The average child consumes about three comic books a week and at least an hour a day reading them. For a schoolchild, that hour represents a third, say, of his entire leisure time. That leisure time is the seedbed of intellectual and emotional growth. Though there is no palpable evidence to support the following statement, it is at least reasonable to assume that just as the childhood use of tobacco can stunt the growth of the body, so can excessive reading of comics stunt the stature of the mind.

America's vacuum

THE existence, then, of this demand for comics—and it is a gigantic demand—points less to the profit instincts of their publishers than to some profound vacuum in the people who need them. The fact that people want something is no proof that that thing is good. It depends on the kind of people who want it. The Germans wanted Hitler. They wanted him because there was a terrific vacuum in themselves and he filled that vacuum.

We had better fill that vacuum in America or take the consequences. One possible consequence might be a people incapable of reading a page of ordinary text. Another would be a society based on the impact of a fist on a jaw. A third would be a nation that left it to the man in the costume. None of these prospects is exactly attractive.

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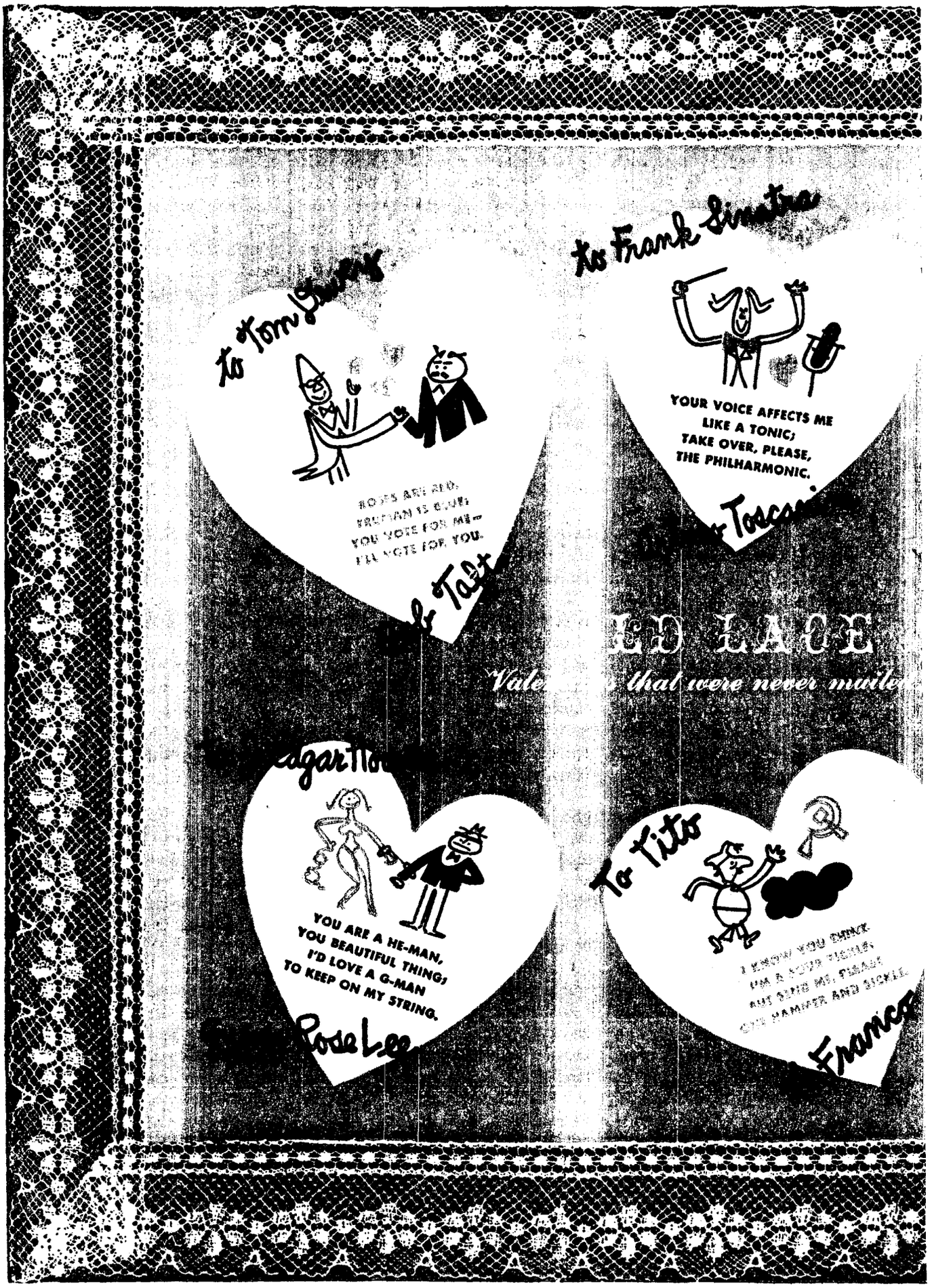

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Henry Wallace

Whose Atomic Secret?

THE LAST cabinet meeting which Henry Stimson attended was concerned with atomic energy. It was one of the most dramatic of all the cabinet meetings in my fourteen years of Washington experience.

The cabinet was utterly green on the subject and Stimson tried to enlighten them on the great problem of when a secret is not a secret. Stimson was one of the wisest men ever to serve as a presidential adviser. He was aware of the international character of science. He knew that we had succeeded in effecting the release of atomic energy as a result of the coöperation of scientists of many nationalities. He knew, in other words, that we had no real secrets and he was deeply concerned lest the United States develop a sense of false security and an attitude of arrogance toward other peoples based on a temporary military advantage, which in the long run might even work against us. Stimson, who sees plain and clear, was several years ahead of his time. America did not heed Stimson's warnings when, in 1932, he foresaw the danger of Japanese control of Manchuria, and, in 1935, Italy's attack on Ethiopia. Thus far it has not heeded his warnings on atomic energy.

We have been deaf to his warnings and to those of our scientists. Instead we have been beguiled by prophecies of men like General Groves, who have assured us that atomic energy is our secret, that it would take other countries, with the possible exception of England, at least a quarter of a century to match our effort.

Now the true character of these prophecies is revealed. Word comes that Canada is making plutonium. At Chalk River, Ontario, the Canadians have built a town for 3,000 people whose energies are devoted to the manufacture of plutonium and radioactive isotopes. It is also known that the Canadians, at their plant at Petawawa, have succeeded in developing methods for the chemical separation of plutonium more efficient than the methods developed in the United States and at a small fraction of the cost. The Canadian method of making plutonium by the use of heavy water is of little use for power development. Canada assures us that she is not going to make bombs out of her plutonium, and there may be some comfort in knowing that the first country to match our efforts is a neighbor with whom we have close ties. I can imagine the panic in America if word had come that Russia was making plutonium.

Canada, with a population about the size of New York State, has gone fully 80 percent of the way toward making bombs. The British are building an atomic-power plant and will also be able to make bombs. France is building a pile under the supervision of Joliot-Curie and with the assistance of two famous French scientists, Pierre Auger and L. Kowarski, who were formerly key men in managing the Canadian Atom Project. In Scandinavia, at least one pile is being built and will be in operation before the year is over. We should not forget that Niels Bohr, who first brought the news of fission to Einstein in early 1939, is a Dane.

The Nagasaki bomb killed almost one hundred thousand people. Former Assistant Secretary of War John J. McCloy has stated that we now know how to make bombs vastly more deadly. Professor M. L. Oliphant, one of the most distinguished British atomic scientists, recently stated that bombs 600 times as powerful as the one dropped on Hiroshima can now be made. In its first report to Congress, the Atomic Energy Commission implied that we were working toward the development of such bombs.

It is perfectly obvious that before long any country which can produce fissionable substances can also make bombs of this kind. But even if other nations were only able to make the "old-fashioned" Nagasaki type of bomb, it remains true that a few hundred of these bombs delivered on American cities would destroy the larger part of our industrial capacity and kill and injure millions of people. We would have to comfort ourselves with the thought that for every bomb that killed an American man, woman or child, one of our super-bombs would kill five men, women or children of the nation with which we were at war.

WHERE do these facts leave us? We are proud possessors of a fine assortment of bombs that do us no good, but we certainly earn the fear and hatred of other countries. We are also tightly clutching a large empty bag containing a secret that is no secret. We alone have succeeded in deluding ourselves into believing that we have a secret. Even our best friends won't tell us how unpopular and how deluded we are, and we need a cold, factual statement—like that from Canada the other day—to bring us to our senses. The tragic fact is

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that we have sought salvation through the secret, and it now turns out that we have no secret.

Our strategic position was always much weaker than it appeared. We are highly vulnerable, as the scientists have repeatedly warned us, to attack from the air, and we are not likely to use our own bombs as an aggressor in a "preventive" war. Our principal strength, apart from our material resources, lay in the moral leadership we could achieve by offering to give up our temporary advantage in the atomic field for the sake of lasting peace and our own ultimate security. Now, as a result of the delay, partly the result of our own high-handed stubbornness and our decision to continue making bombs, we are losing such moral advantage as we had. It has long been clear that it is not Russia alone which differs from our plan for the control of atomic energy. France, Great Britain and Canada, too, have shown strong signs of defection from our proposals. As a result of the Canadian announcement we are no longer in a position to say that we shall relinquish secrets if other nations will show that they can be trusted. At least one other nation now, and at least three or four others in the near future, can greet such a statement by saying, "You are not the only ones to make conditions. We know your secrets, too, and we are willing to relinquish our secrets on terms different from yours."

In the face of these facts we continue to make a spectacle of ourselves in the press, in the statements of high War Department officials and in the behavior of congressmen. Present hearings on the confirmation of the nominations to the Atomic Energy Commission reveal that some members of the Senate committee learned almost nothing in the months of working on atomic-energy legislation. The Senators still talk of the "secret" as if the date were August 6, 1945. They still talk of leaks, and spies and dangerous breaches of security. They still talk as though America were concerned only with the military development of atomic energy. Even the first report of the Atomic Energy Commission places almost the entire emphasis on military developments, claiming that these are essential for national security. Perhaps this report was slanted for political reasons. Whatever the reason may be, the commission is failing to give leadership when it is most needed. The civilian commission was created to maintain civilian control of atomic energy and not to be a collection of puppets manipulated by the military.

THE present hearings in Congress demonstrate that once again the drive for full military control of atomic energy is on, in full force. General Groves has been appointed to the Military Liaison Committee of the Atomic Energy Commission. The original Vandenberg proposals, advanced to give the military power over the commission through this committee, are now advanced again, despite months of educational work by the scientists which proved the unwisdom of these proposals. The McMahon-Douglas Atomic Energy Act placed definite limitations on the functions and powers of the military.

Now even David Lilienthal has abandoned these vital safeguards and conceded that in all disputes between the committee and the commission "it is the judgment of the Military Liaison Committee which controls." Lilienthal, in testimony before the Senate, has further weakened the case for civilian control by conceding that "virtually everything" before the commission has some consequence in military terms. Evidently the commission is ready to take the military in as full partners on every phase of its work. If atomic energy is allowed to become important in our everyday lives, then the military will grow with it. It is a move away from democracy and toward a police state.

At one time, in the fall of 1945, the United States had the opportunity for a formidable moral leadership in the world because of its pioneer research work in atomic energy. Had Congress, the government and the military fully realized how decisive but transitory our leadership was, world control of atomic energy might now be within reach. It may still be, but our strength is being frittered away.

WE failed to heed Henry Stimson's warnings before the war because we thought that our own weapons would keep us safe and free. No nation standing alone is safe and free from war, and today's warnings are far more urgent. If there was one thing which Stimson understood above everything else, it was the importance of moral leadership. It is too late now for gestures. But we should wake up to that profound truth once enunciated by a great English scientist, "What one fool can do, another can."

We can realize that we never had a secret, or if we did have one temporarily, it is no longer ours. We can realize that we can no longer strut around pretending to dictate terms under which we shall join a world security system. All we can do is to join the others of the United Nations in a sincere attempt to find salvation for everyone, including ourselves. We have nothing magic to offer, no talisman, no secrets, no hidden forces. We are making enemies. Many peoples fear us above any other country and look on us as potentially the world's greatest aggressor nation. What we can give is not a secret which we no longer possess, but a pledge to coöperate to the limit as equals with other nations in a sincere search for enforceable disarmament, a world security system and the elimination of economic discriminations which are an essential preliminary to peace. H.W.

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A Man of the Good Old Days

by Tris Coffin

Work and the human touch took Joe Martin from poverty to the Speakership; now he votes down the line for the world of fifty years ago

JOE MARTIN, a friendly black-haired bachelor in a wrinkled blue suit, is becoming as much an American institution as Mother Goose or Donald Duck. Martin, who looks like the country storekeeper on the mail-order calendars, is the Horatio Alger Jr. hero of American politics. He is the poor boy who climbed the ladder of party regularity to become Speaker of the House of Representatives, as well as one of the growing herd of Republicans who have a hunch the lightning will strike, zing, in 1948.

The half-shy smile on his broad face, the lock of hair falling over his forehead, the vague and amiable personality of Joe Martin are as much a part of Capitol Hill as the dusty statues lining the dark corridors. But the man Joe Martin is something of a mystery and a series of contradictions. He is a friendly, easy-to-meet fellow who has no intimates and leads a lonely, bachelor existence. He is half-Irish, but parties and gay social functions bore him; he neither drinks nor smokes. Martin rose from the lower middle class, yet he has a clinging and feudal conservatism—the thinking of a faithful old family retainer who knows his place.

The present Speaker was the oldest child of a Scotch Presbyterian blacksmith and his Irish Catholic wife. They lived in North Attleboro, Massachusetts, a town of small shops with a large reservoir of cheap labor among the foreign-born. Joe Martin is deeply devoted to his mother. She is now 85 and lives with him in a modest old frame house in North Attleboro.

Joe had to start hustling at an early age. At six, the sturdy little fellow was carrying a paper route. Even then he revealed two talents that have since pushed him up a steady but unspectacular rise to power. He worked hard and he had an amazing genius for getting folks to like him. Today congressmen who shudder at his voting record regard Joe Martin with genuine affection. When he was 12, he went to work after school hours in a jewelry factory. Then he switched to a local newspaper and the Providence *Journal*. Joe was thrifty, a habit that has not left him. The waiters in his Washington hotel grumble about the slim pickings from the Speaker. In 1908, when Martin was 24, he had saved $1,000. With this and investments from other townspeople who respected this steady young man, he bought the North Attleboro *Evening Chronicle*.

At 27, Martin ran for the Massachusetts house of representatives and won handily. In the 36 years that have followed, he has steadfastly observed one cardinal rule of politics that greater men have often forgotten, or never learned. He stays close to his voters. When he returns to North Attleboro, Joe spends half his time talking to constituents. Before each session of Congress, the Representative arranges regular visiting hours in each township post office in the district. He has trained his memory so well that when a visitor enters his newspaper shop, Joe, in the back room, will recognize the voice and call out, "Come on back, Fred."

Martin's voting record seems of only minor concern to the textile workers, small farmers, Portuguese, French Canadians and Irish of his district. They elect him time after time because he knows their first names, can put his arm around their shoulder without being patronizing and seems genuinely interested in their problems.

There are many legends about Joe in North Attleboro. They make him a home favorite, like New England boiled dinner. Nothing very fancy, but it sticks to the ribs and causes no indigestion. One such story is of a group of high-powered Republican politicians in camel's-hair coats who breezed into the *Chronicle* office and loudly called for drinks. Joe referred them to the drugstore across the street for a milkshake.

Steadfast conservative

JOE MARTIN'S philosophy is a stubborn abhorrence of change. It is not profound or well thought out like Bob Taft's conservatism. Nor is it noisy and belligerent like John Rankin's. One friend explains that Joe just doesn't like the idea of any change that could upset the system in North Attleboro of 50 years ago.

One of his first votes, in the Massachusetts legislature a third of a century ago, was against such a boldly revolutionary proposal as setting up a state utilities commission for "more efficient regulation of public utilities." There were other votes against—state old-age annuities, investigation into tuberculosis, state inspection of dairies, creation of a state health board, establishing a state commissioner for the blind, compulsory school attendance for seven to 15-year-old children, teachers' tenure after five years, requesting Congress to facilitate the naturalizing of aliens, forbidding court injunctions against "peaceful persuasion" in strikes, women's suffrage, direct nomination in primaries and regulating and limiting campaign expenses.

The steady drip of the New Deal upon Washington for fourteen years

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has failed to wear away Martin's nostalgia for the good old days. His congressional record is consistently anti-labor. He supported legislation to weaken the National Labor Relations Act, voted to override President Roosevelt's veto of the Smith-Connally bill and Truman's veto of the Case bill. He has been against parity payments and the extension of rural electrification, the federal ballot for soldiers, and he championed the bill exempting railroads and insurance companies from anti-trust laws. (He has a small insurance company in North Attleboro.) He voted to cut funds for the WPA and the school-lunch program, and was for slashing the OPA's appropriation in 1943. His record on housing is clear: he voted against a bill placing ceilings on the sales prices of old homes and to recommit the veterans' emergency-housing bill. Joe Martin has always been in sympathy with Rankin and Dies and threatened to discipline a number of Republicans who voted against making the House Un-American Activities Committee a permanent body. In June, 1945, he warned that the United States was in "sinister peril" and urged the Administration to "clear out Communists, fellow travelers and parlor pinks from high positions in government."

Once bit, twice shy

His remarks to the opening session of the 80th Congress fail to show any mellowing tolerance with his rise to power. He groaned that "our people are bowed down under a burden of taxation that is well-nigh intolerable." He warned that civil liberties "must not be permitted to mean that the enemies of this country . . . conspiring to overthrow our . . . system shall have license to conspire under the protection of the Constitution."

His isolationism has brought sharp reprimands from the New York *Times*, which two years ago claimed, "Martin has launched a move in Congress which would knock out the props [from the Big Three meeting at Potsdam and the UN Charter debate in the Senate]." Joe voted against fortifying Guam, extension of Selective Service, and voted to decrease the number of military aircraft. After a European trip in 1927, he told the Boston *Globe*, "What strikes me in Germany is the spirit of contentment I found among the working people," and, "Mussolini is copying America in many ways and the country is being made prosperous."

In 1940, before the Willkie nomination, Martin said, "The third-term movement floats on a cloud of internationalism. The American people have a right to ask . . . whether the conduct of our foreign relations conforms to the policy of peace to which the American people are overwhelmingly committed. We had one bitter experience in 1916. . . . Our people will not be deceived again."

Joe was not enthusiastic about Willkie and glumly told a newsman on election night, "The reason he lost was that he wouldn't take my advice and go all out for keeping America out of the war."

Just folks

In Congress, Martin putters amiably around the floor when he is not presiding. He stops here for a friendly greeting, there for a pat on the back. He has none of the brisk, authoritative manner of Charley Halleck, his floor leader, but seems more like the corner grocer exchanging small talk with a favorite customer at a slack time. He dislikes speech-making and is a poor orator. He has never given his name to a major piece of legislation or been identified with any idealistic causes. His press conferences are dull and painfully lacking in hard news. But Joe is always glad to see the boys and greets them with that friendly, shy smile and the incredulous look of the man who wonders, "Why are all these people here to see me?" The reporters—even those who disagree with the Speaker—like him.

Martin is not credited with any slick parliamentary deals. He doesn't work that way. He soothes and holds the hands of nervous brothers. He builds a political organization that depends on discipline. He has a good working relationship with conservative Democrats. Any liberal Republican who bobs up is automatically frozen out in the House.

In organizing the House for the 80th Congress, Martin carefully selected an interlocking directorate to run such key committees as policy, patronage and rules. He is the chairman of the board of directors and his close friend, Leo Allen, is president. While, across Capitol Hill, Bob Taft has been faced with a series of disputes and permitted GOP dirty linen to be washed in public, Martin has managed to maintain a strong discipline. He can look down the long center corridor of the Capitol with a faintly patronizing smile and wonder if perhaps the Republicans, some hot summer evening in 1948, won't pick a proved stand-patter who knows how to keep the boys in line.

Child of the last century

In Washington, the Speaker lives quietly, modestly and discreetly across the park from the White House in a hotel which caters to a permanent clientele of sober habits. To some of the younger guests he is a curiosity. They have never seen him take a drink, smoke or have a date, and they have watched carefully for just one little sign of human failing. He leaves the hotel at 7:15 in the morning and returns alone at 5:45 in the evening. He stops at the cigar counter for the latest newspaper, has dinner, a casual walk around the block and then to bed by 9:30 or 10. He does not have guests at the hotel and complains when he has to attend a formal function.

One of Joe's habits during the Roosevelt Administration was a nightly argument with the elderly Irish night maid at the hotel. She was a fiery Roosevelt supporter and did not hesitate to give Martin what-for whenever he baited her. Both enjoyed these regular disputes.

Joe Martin eats by himself in the hotel dining room. As the other regular guests filter in, Joe looks up wistfully and shyly at them. It is the look of the modest fellow who would sure like to ask the others to sit down and talk but does not quite have the nerve. Regretfully, Speaker Martin resigns himself to a sweet smile of greeting. It is the smile of a strange, old-fashioned little man who lives in the happy, untroubled world of a generation ago.

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United Nations News

Freedom for Whom?

THE PRESS, the public and UN delegates last week were remembering Mrs. Roosevelt's long fight for racial equality, for workers, for a host of issues that are loosely called "human rights," as she assumed chairmanship of the United Nations Human Rights Commission. They wondered whether her tired, patient face, her nervous desire to hear all points of view and come to an objective conclusion, could produce results. How could the delegates from India and the British Empire, from Panama and Yugoslavia, from Belgium and the Soviet Union, hope to agree on human rights? Would they come out with something so broad as to be meaningless or so narrow as to be useless?

Last week, as the debate got under way, a preliminary answer was available. They could not agree. Mrs. Roosevelt had outlined a tentative list of human rights: personal (such as freedom of speech, information, religion and property); procedural (such as safeguards for those accused of crime); social (such as job security); political (such as the right of citizens to participate in their governments).

But Russia's representative, V. F. Tepliakov, immediately began to strike out the rights suggested by Mrs. Roosevelt and other delegates. In effect he was stating that the rights of an individual are less important than the function of an individual within society. He was asking for definitions—what does oppression mean? What is the freedom to resist oppression? Who has that freedom and under what circumstances? Is it given to Japanese Americans while the US is fighting Japan? What is freedom of the press? Is it correlated with responsibility of the press? Freedom from what and for whom?

On the last question, at least, Tepliakov had a point. In the past two weeks alone, the *Saturday Evening Post* has shown clearly what it meant by freedom of the press. Its articles and editorials bore such titles as: "Stalin's Model Stooge" ("An intimate word portrait of Tito, a dead ringer for Hermann Goering in figure and swagger, in sartorial effects and appetites, but, nevertheless, perhaps the Kremlin's most trusted foreign operative"); "Who's Using Food as a Weapon?" (Russia, of course); and "How Can You Inspect Through an Iron Curtain?"

THE Human Rights Commission of the United Nations will engage in much, and probably valuable, debate before it adjourns. The disagreements will become more evident and so will the agreements. A Bill of Rights will probably be issued, but no matter what it says, Russia will not suddenly modify her present property laws, and the United States will not suddenly assure full employment. Many particulars of the bill will already be in existence: today 52 nations guarantee freedom of religion, 56 guarantee freedom of speech and 47 guarantee freedom of assembly in their constitutions. The Soviet Union, the United States and the United Kingdom—among others—guarantee these rights, in principle.

But to enforce new rights or incorporate them into national constitutions to be enforced by national law will be a long, slow process. The former method, implying international enforcement, violates national sovereignty. The latter method, recognizing national sovereignty, already exists and seems to satisfy no one. As Professor Robert M. MacIver, Columbia University sociologist and civil-liberties expert, says: "I am not too optimistic. There is no possible means of enforcement." But he goes on to point out an area in which human rights, on an international scale, can become an important step toward international understanding.

This area is the field in which national lines cross—in communications (where information going into and coming out of countries can be freed by international action) and in the give-and-take of peoples across frontiers (Foreign Secretary Bevin's action to admit a visa-free exchange of tourists between France and England is a step in that direction).

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A NEW monthly publication, based on a belief "that the United Nations organization can succeed" and aiming at "an internationally educated world public opinion," made its initial appearance last week. It is called *United Nations World* and it was born of a fusion of *Free World, Asia* and *Inter-American* magazines. Its first issue included a full-length profile of Secretary-General Trygve Lie, an article by physicist Arthur H. Compton and a challenge from Pearl S. Buck stating that the UN will fail unless it feeds and educates people instead of compiling statistics about them.

Notes from the Past: Last week some 30 correspondents who had covered Atomic Energy Commission proceedings throughout Baruch's term with the UN received a memento from the elder statesman. It was a small piece of carnotite, from which uranium ore is extracted, encased in lucite and marked "UNAEC." The accompanying letter divided the correspondents into two groups: "pioneers" or "great crusaders" in the field of international control of atomic energy. Correspondents have since been wondering how the division came about and how each was assigned to one or the other of the categories.

JANE BEDELL

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Labor

Unions and Politicians

THE Congress of Industrial Organizations has never enjoyed much popularity in the Congress of the American people which sits on Capitol Hill in Washington. From the days when John L. Lewis sent the first CIO organizers into the steel, automobile and rubber industries, the name of the organization has been a provocation to many legislators. But seldom has Philip Murray's labor federation approached its present low level of popularity. When James Carey, secretary of the CIO, testified against rent increases last week, it was by no means certain that some Senators were not merely confirmed in their determination to boost rents.

A partial explanation of Congress' antagonism may rest in the fact that the CIO has attempted to operate openly in the political field and was notably unsuccessful last November. A union takes a risk when it embarks on large-scale politics. No union can escape politics today, and the Railroad Brotherhoods have historically been very effective in rewarding friends and punishing enemies. But the CIO Political Action Committee is suffering severely from the loss of Sidney Hillman and needs a thoroughgoing reorganization.

An amusing example of congressional attitudes toward the CIO was furnished recently by a freshman Democratic Representative in conversation with newspapermen. After talking about the "abuses" of the CIO, the Representative, without even a shift of gears, talked about the "abuses" of John L. Lewis. One of the newspapermen murmured that Lewis, of course, was now back in the AFL. "Well, yes. He is," responded the Representative after a pause of about a tenth of a second, "but down in my district everybody thinks of him as a CIO man."

THE "Peace Agreement" between the Associated General Contractors and 19 unions in the AFL Building Trades Department deserves a more critical analysis, both in its economic and political aspects, than it has generally had from the press.

The agreement is not a "no-strike" compact. It simply creates national joint management-labor boards to which unsettled local disputes can be referred if both parties consent. The significant characteristic of these boards is that they are made up solely of management and labor representatives, without "public" members such as were included on the War Board, and that once a dispute is referred, the decision of the appropriate board is binding.

The implication, obviously, is that this machinery will be used. The agreement was broadly phrased to gain acceptance from diehards on both sides, but there is hope that gradually clauses will be written into local contracts providing for submission of unsettled disputes to the national boards. The result would be to build up an almost automatic system of voluntary arbitration.

No informed person, however, believes that such machinery can be created wholesale to eliminate painlessly the strains and power struggles at the root of industrial conflict. Senator Wagner once observed that a democracy will always have strikes. No mediation machinery can banish economic tests of strength when the issues are more acute than mere wage arguments and run to the economic structure of society itself—as the issues did when the United Automobile Workers in 1945 asked wage rises without price rises and General Motors replied that prices were none of the union's business.

POLITICALLY the building-trades agreement was significant for two reasons: the tremendous publicity build-up President Truman gave it by summoning a special news conference for the announcement, and the vigorous work of government officials to speed similar agreements in the public-utilities industries.

In the utilities field a large group of unions and corporate managements are involved—the owners and employees of power companies, of municipal street-car and bus lines, of telephone and telegraph companies. Some of the managements are frightened by the spectre of industrywide bargaining, for the unions include CIO, AFL and independent groups. Any agreements reached between major sections of the utilities industry would lessen the pressure for legislation against strikes which "harm the public."

With the government working in this field and the President clearly supporting the effort, the inference grows that the Administration is committing itself more strongly to the doctrine of free collective bargaining, without drastic legislation, as the answer to industrial unrest. It should be recalled that Truman's State-of-the-Union message contained no "echoes" of his previous appeals for fact-finding boards and draft-dodgers legislation. The possibility of severe labor bills may depend, therefore, on whether the Senate can pass such bills over a presidential veto.

BOTH AFL and CIO unions are wrestling with internal problems. The AFL Brotherhood of Teamsters has been having wildcat-strike trouble. When the international tried to discipline some St. Louis wildcatters last year, another strike broke out. The international executive board, meeting at Miami last week, resolved that strikes violating union rules would not be "tolerated" and that offenders would be expelled if necessary.

The festering conflict between Walter Reuther, president of the CIO United Automobile Workers, and R. J. Thomas, former president, is causing some UAW members to wonder whether it will split the union. A report circulated in Detroit last week that Reuther, angered at public sniping by Thomas, would demand retraction of Thomas' charges growing out of the abortive Allis-Chalmers "peace" drive. Reuther has steadfastly refused to make journalistic headlines by talking about the UAW's internal difficulties, but the unhappy situation of Allis-Chalmers Local 248, still on strike after nine months, has sharpened the conflict.

WILLARD SHELTON

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Farm

Price Support

I REMEMBER as a boy my mother used occasionally to feed a tramp that came to our back door. She never to my knowledge turned one away. Invariably she would point to an axe and saw in the woodshed and put him to work.

"We will all be better off," she would say. "Our surplus of food will be reduced and I will have a nice pile of wood and the poor man will be better off too."

My mother is not an economist, but I think she hit upon a simple economic truth. It is that every idle able-bodied person is a loss to society. Putting everybody to work and giving him a fair return for his labor would benefit all the people in the world. The farmer would especially benefit, because never in history has the farmer been able to produce so much with so little effort. This is, or should be, the golden age of agriculture.

Were such a common-sense plan put into effect it would not be necessary to buy the farmer's surplus with taxpayers' money and dump it into the river. But, unfortunately, we moderns, who are so smart that we can blow a couple of hundred thousand people to smithereens, don't know what to do with our food. We are alarmed; congressional committees are alarmed; Secretary of Agriculture Anderson has the weak trembles because he knows that the farmer is going to produce more food than he can sell.

Unlike other producers, the farmer cannot regulate his production to current demand. He cannot close down his factory on a week's notice. He must plan his production one year, and often five or ten years, ahead. His costs are fixed and his production must be at a maximum. It costs a farmer about as much to produce 2,000 bushels of corn as it does 3,000.

Another handicap that the farmer has is that he sells his stuff in a highly competitive market. His fellow farmers bid against him, and if he raises a highly perishable crop he may have to sell it at a loss or practically give it away.

But when the farmer buys a tractor he must pay the other fellow's price and the other fellow may be a billion-dollar corporation who has set the price to suit himself. And the tractor salesman knows that a tractor will not spoil.

To give the farmers a more equitable share of the national income we have price support. And to determine to what extent prices should be supported we have parity. A parity price is a device originally used to give certain farm products the same purchasing power that they had in the period 1909-14. This period was selected because the farmer's dollar had a relatively high purchasing power during those years. To be more specific—a parity price on wheat makes it possible for a wheat farmer to purchase just as much fertilizer, farm machinery, supplies, taxes, interest, etc., as he could with his wheat from 1909 to 1914.

So that price support won't be so expensive and so that a lot of unneeded products won't be produced, the government in the past has tried to control production. In the thirties the government tried out a quota, or acreage-allotment, system. All the farmers who didn't stay within their quotas were penalized.

WITH the war, prices went sky-high and price support in general was not necessary except to stimulate needed production of vital crops. Last season, however, farmers glutted the market with potatoes and the government had to go into the potato business on a huge scale. It lost about $80 million on the deal.

To many people this was a warning of things to come and it was freely predicted that the government would in a year or two have to spend from $2 to $3 billion a year to support farm prices.

One economist in the Department of Agriculture estimated that the amounts of unsalable surplus crops by 1950 would be as follows:

Food grains	7,756,000 tons
Feed grains	15,347,000 tons
Potatoes	5,937,000 tons
Peanuts	590,000,000 lbs.
Beans and peas	428,600,000 lbs.
Cotton	969,000,000 lbs.
Eggs	676,000,000 dozen

OBVIOUSLY, the Republicans are not going to upset the price-control wagon. They are in favor of price support just as much as the Democrats are. The old farm bloc is on the job. Secretary Anderson was very cordially received by both House and Senate Agriculture Committees last week. Signs also point to production control by acreage reduction. That formula will be used on potatoes this year despite the fact that it has never worked—in the thirties, potato acreage was reduced but production kept going up.

It seems to me that the price-support dilemma can be partially solved by a revision of the parity formula which would make possible the development of a balanced agriculture. The 1909-14 parity formula does not correspond to present-day farm production costs or to consumer demand. The parity price of milk, for example, is far too low. On other commodities it is too high and encourages farmers to overproduce.

The complete solution lies in the expansion of the domestic market by ensuring full employment at high wages and the expansion of the foreign market by both national and international action. Patchwork and piecemeal methods, such as commodity agreements now being negotiated, extension of reciprocal trade agreements and scaling down of trade barriers, are all to the good, but the final solution lies in the creation of a World Food Board, internationally controlled, which would set up an ever normal world granary and carry out a long-range program to expand consumption and raise nutrition levels throughout the world. The alternative is trade wars, a huge surplus and a worldwide depression which would make that of 1929-32 look like a Sunday-school picnic.

ANGUS MCDONALD

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Books

Reading and Writing

IN THE current number of the *Sewanee Review,* Robert B. Heilman reviews the reviewers of Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men* and concludes that we are faced with "a very disturbing situation—our sheer incompetence to read tragedy." With some of Heilman's statements I'm in thorough disagreement. Surely he carries a relevant point too far when he says, "Warren is no more discussing American politics than 'Hamlet' is discussing Danish politics." While those reviewers who treated the book as a novel about Huey Long were short-sighted, Heilman is hopelessly high-minded if he is asking that it be read without the parallels of Louisiana politics in mind. And too much of his article is written with the highfalutin tone of his opening sentence: "Everybody knows that the eighteenth century marked, in English literature, the disappearance of tragedy and the rise of the novel." *Everybody* knows? But this is an engrossing article for *anyone interested* in serious critical discourse on the meaning and structure of an important contemporary work of art.

ANOTHER such article is James T. Farrell's "Cain's Movietone Realism" in the December *New International.* Primarily a study of *Mildred Pierce,* it continues Farrell's dogged effort to separate the true from the false in the tangle of our "commercialized culture." Farrell has carefully assessed Cain's work, pointing out that he has at times written truthfully and incisively of American life, but in the end has turned it all into "a form which combines Hollywood and serious realism." Farrell does not mention Cain's most recent novels, *Past All Dishonor* and *The Butterfly,* but his article might almost be a preface to the utter debasement of talent exhibited in these books.

IT CONTINUES to be characteristic of the time that the best books now being published are reprints and anthologies and that much current writing that is in the broadest sense creative goes into the production of such books. This is particularly true of Philip Rahv's *Discovery of Europe* (Houghton Mifflin, $5), a collection of comment on Europe by thirty-odd Americans from Franklin and Jefferson to William E. Dodd and Henry Miller; of F. O. Matthiessen's edition of *The American Novels and Stories of Henry James* (Knopf, $5); and *The Portable Joyce* (Viking, $2), edited by Harry Levin, whose introduction here is more rewarding, if possible, than his earlier book on Joyce.

The State of Literature. – Dial Press's spring catalogue has this to say about the hero of Frank Yerby's forthcoming *The Vixens*: "Black of hair, skin coppery as a Creek's, he was a legend in a wicked and colorful city. No man was a deadlier shot and none so cavalier and reckless at love. His wide, mocking mouth tormented the thoughts of the city's most wanted women, but at the core of his heart was a love of freedom that burned with unquenchable flame, in the dark recesses of his brain seethed the memories of Andersonville Prison, and the emerald fire in his gray eyes bespoke a high and shining honor. Plunged into the midst of the fiercest battle ever fought upon this continent, a battle between men of complete dishonor on both sides, sparked by the fragile, handsome arch-reactionary, Hugh Duncan, Laird's path was complicated by his marriage to a woman driven insane by tragedy, and by the naked passion of his love for gold-skinned Denise Lascals, who would not share him with any other woman—not even his wife. . . . First Printing 100,000 copies."

GEORGE MAYBERRY

Russia in Focus

AMID THE current outpouring of hate and hysteria about the Soviet Union, Richard E. Lauterbach's *Through Russia's Back Door* (Harper's, $2.75) stands out as a monument of sanity, intelligence and good will. The former Moscow correspondent of *Time* and *Life* has written a short and unpretentious work that is chiefly a straightforward record of a recent postwar journey he made from Shanghai to Vladivostok on a Russian ship, and from Vladivostok to Moscow on the Trans-Siberian Express. Despite its brevity and modesty, its moderate, reasonable thinking on Russo-American relations merits a wide hearing.

Lauterbach is certainly not one to deny the difficulties of our relation with the USSR or Russia's share in the blame for the existing situation. He points out the dogmatism, intolerance and brashness, as well as the almost pathological suspiciousness of foreigners and the frequently boorish manner of treating them, which are so common among the Russians. He notes their astonishing propensity for making things difficult for the very people most anxious to be friendly, as characteristically shown in their treatment of Edmund Clubb, the hard-working, intelligent and sympathetic American consul-general in Vladivostok in 1944-45. He accepts, too, the justice in the charges of secretiveness, inefficiency, bureaucracy and police-state cruelty made in all indictments of the Soviet Union.

What is important is that he sees such things, not as proof of any sinister devilishness of the Kremlin, but in their perspective in Russian history and in comparison with the qualities of an America that he neither idealizes nor vilifies. In addition, he has another virtue which separates him from the anti-Soviet crusaders. When he says he likes the Russian people, you feel that he means it and is not just writing it in order to score another point against their government. Lauterbach is convinced that both the Russians and their government are sincere believers in peace and were genuinely worried by our possession and continued manufacture of the atomic bomb and by Churchill's belligerent Fulton speech. He also believes that the United States is at present in a position to wage an atomic war against Russia, while the USSR is in no position to fight us, and he recalls that, in addition to their loss of millions of lives, they also lost six

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William Gropper

million houses—shelter for 15 million people, or enough homes for the inhabitants of 15 of our largest cities, including New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Boston, St. Louis and San Francisco.

He found weariness to the point of exhaustion in Moscow, and he felt that there was a crisis in the Soviet Union, not of politics or economics, but of the spirit. After so many years of sacrifice, there was the inevitable letdown in morale, and he believes that it was an effort to recover the popular momentum of the Five-Year Plans and the war days in the interest of new social and material progress, not any schemes for world domination, which caused the new wave of propaganda that has worried so many timorous observers. Incidentally, he points out that, while our Congress "still has not approved a bill to have the government, which spent $2 billion on atomic bombs, appropriate $100 million to combat cancer, the Soviet government has spent many times that much in the past decade" on cancer research.

He makes other valuable points, not in any attempt to show that the USSR is always right and we always wrong in our conflicts, but to suggest that it isn't inevitably the other way around, either. The Russians, for example, may have been needlessly ruthless in Poland and the Balkans, but at least they were helping progressive forces in those lands while we were supporting reactionary and frankly fascist elements from China to Spain. *Through Russia's Back Door* favors neither appeasement nor toughness toward Russia; it is a persuasive advocate of facing all issues between the US and the USSR on their merits, while remembering that the Russians have found us occasionally a bit difficult, too.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

Three Open Windows

WHEN Herbert Feis was Economic Adviser of the State Department (E. A. in his title, *Seen from E. A.*, Knopf, $2.75, stands for Economic Adviser), I used to call on him occasionally to talk things over. Herbert, unlike many public officials under the New Deal, never had a pat formula for anything. His interest in ideas was philosophical, recognizing contradictions, complexities, uncertainties. And he had a feeling for the color and interplay of character which was more literary than political. All this, combined with a fervent moral sense about what was going on, gave him a troubled, almost frustrated air. Obviously he cared intensely about ends, but it was difficult to find appropriate means in the bewildering and unreliable cross-currents of an imperfect world.

This book opens three windows on what troubled him—windows which had to be kept shut at the time. It begins by telling the story of the long and unsuccessful attempt to build up an adequate stockpile of natural rubber in the years which preceded Pearl Harbor. Next it recounts the curious course of American interest in the oil reserves of the Middle East—a story hitherto known from only one or two widely publicized events such as Secretary Ickes' proposal for a government-owned pipeline and the controversy over the oil agreement with Great Britain. Finally, as if to obtain the effect of a flashback, there is the gloomy tale of the abortive effort to impose sanctions on Mussolini's Italy during the Ethiopian war.

The author has gone to extreme lengths to prevent his book from being regarded either as sensational revelations by an important personage who at length can tell all, or as gossip concerning other important personages by one who was associated with them for a while and then was retired to private life. He not only speaks of himself in the third person throughout, but even refrains from mentioning the names of such readily recognizable individuals as Cordell Hull, Jesse Jones, Harold Ickes and Franklin D. Roosevelt, identifying them instead by their official titles. The result which he wants to achieve is that of a series of case histories, recorded by an impersonal observer, of governments in action during great crises—or rather, governments in inaction when action was urgently required. Herbert Feis is at great pains not to be indignant, but rather to show in detail the process of failure resulting from an intricate combination of irresolution, political compromise, personal frailty, private greed, official timidity and international mistrust.

The effect of his method is often that of baffling circumlocution, and his account does not inspire any jaunty confidence in the future of democracy. It is a sad book, without the refreshing bite of the satirist or the zest of the fighter. It is, nevertheless, remarkably honest and discerning—virtues rare enough among the documents dealing with recent history by participants. Those who aspire to better government in the future can learn from Herbert

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Feis much about how governmental policies are actually determined and executed.

Take, for instance, the case of rubber reserves. A small group of subordinate experts saw well in advance the apparently obvious facts that there might be a war with the Axis, that, if so, Japan might cut off our rubber supply and that it would be well to accumulate a stockpile. They could not interest either Congress or the Administration in appropriating sufficient money for the purpose. When the executive department was at length roused to the danger, and negotiations with the producers began, the Dutch and British interests in control of the cartel would not authorize sufficient sales to create a backlog, because of their fear of a market surplus in case war should not exhaust the supply.

American manufacturers also had to be considered, and there were deadlocks between them and the RFC as to how the risk of carrying stocks should be apportioned. Finally, when imports began to increase substantially, we were already in the defense boom of 1941 and the extra rubber went, not into stocks, but into new automobile tires. Nobody could be induced to build up the reserve if that involved rationing private industry. Jesse Jones stubbornly insisted that the only course was to bring pressure on the sources of supply for still greater output. By that time Pearl Harbor and the loss of the Malay Peninsula and the Dutch East Indies were just around the corner.

Careful study of this book will repay any historian or political scientist. There are hints in it, too, which may lead to the revision of numerous current opinions. For instance, Secretary Hull does not emerge from it as a far-seeing and courageous opponent of fascism, but rather as a man who believed so wholeheartedly that greater freedom of trade would ensure peace that for long he almost ignored the menace of Mussolini and Hitler. And it reminds us almost inadvertently that the failure to support the constitutional government of the Spanish Republic by allowing it to import arms was due not to a Neutrality Act forced by an isolationist Congress on a reluctant President, but to an amendment of a temporary joint resolution of Congress, sent to Capitol Hill with the endorsement of the State Department and drafted for the express purpose of preventing the shipment of arms to Spain. GEORGE SOULE

Great Day Coming

EDMUND FULLER'S *A Star Pointed North* (Harpers, $2.75) is an imaginative reconstruction of Frederick Douglass' career, beginning with his first unsuccessful attempt to escape from slavery and ending with his visit to his former master as a US Marshal. The novel follows the outlines of Douglass' own *Life and Times,* a classic American autobiography which ranked with *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as a force in shaping anti-slavery opinion.

A Star Pointed North projects Douglass escaping from slavery in his twenties and shortly after becoming a friend of the Abolitionists William Lloyd Garrion and Wendell Phillips and a brilliant anti-slavery leader. He is mobbed; he becomes a crusading fugitive in England; publishes a militant newspaper; operates in the Underground Railroad; plots guerrilla warfare against the South with John Brown; and engages in historically crucial arguments with Lincoln. There is an interracial love affair.

New York Public Library

FREDERICK A. DOUGLASS

On its deeper level, however, *A Star Pointed North* is a perceptive charting of the inner conflict by which Douglass rose from slavery to become an American hero. Fuller recognizes that Douglass encountered most of the problems faced by Negro leaders today; that, indeed, he inhabited a world similar to the one lived in by our liberals who find even their most carefully conceived plans sadly inadequate and destined for compromise.

Reaching the North during a period when the old guides to action were crumbling, Douglass set out to discover the bedrock of freedom beneath the chaos. No longer a slave, and yet a Negro; no citizen, but a most controversial public figure, he was a man without recognized status. Thus all his life he had to fall back upon what was fundamental in his experience, remembering that the key to his basic identity lay neither in books, nor in white men's minds, but in the slavery-scars on his back.

Only by clinging to this basic reality could Douglass maintain his integrity —not against his enemies (which was easy) but against the unconscious condescension of his white friends. Fuller depicts him breaking with the bitter Garrison because he is convinced that slavery, though a live moral issue, had to be destroyed through *political* action; he shows him withdrawing from his plot with John Brown when Brown mistakenly assumed that the slaves would spontaneously join the attack at Harper's Ferry and risk death for a freedom they little understood.

DOUGLASS faced the unknown nature of freedom, not as a "slave" or as a "Negro," but as a man to whom America held forth her promise without reservation; he refused to bow to those who denied it to him. Few freer Negro personalities have emerged in America. For Douglass, as Fuller shows, escaped in more than a physical sense; he entered the "North" of sensibility, intellect and integrity before the steel barrier of legal Jim Crow could be lowered to narrow the dream of freedom in the Negro's heart. Though he was a fugitive slave, the psychological distance between himself and his white colleagues was not

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so great as it is between contemporary Negroes and their white allies; nor were compromise, fear and hypocrisy such a normal part of Negro-white relationships.

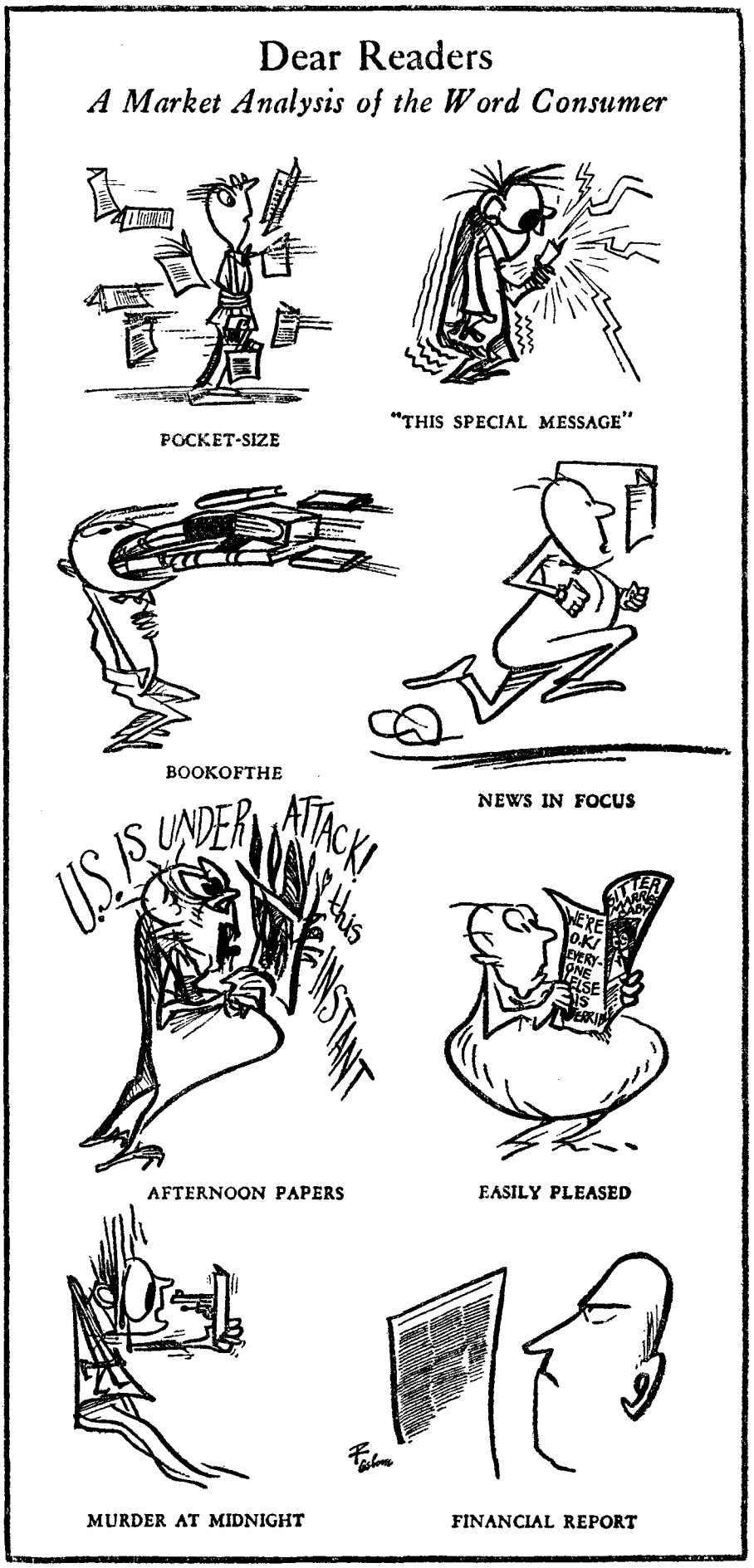
Douglass has never slipped completely from our historical consciousness, but attempts have been made to discourage that attitude of forthright manhood and democratic responsibility in Negroes of which he is our most compelling symbol. Indeed, thousands of twentieth-century Negroes have been educated in schools named in his honor without being told who he was or for what values he stood. Since his time the most favored Negro leaders have been men of compromise. And while young Negroes have been taught to emulate Booker T. Washington—told that Washington was the first Negro to take tea at the White House—few know that Douglass was the first to approach an American President in the role of a far-visioned and outspoken statesman.

YET for Negroes who have refused to make the economic, psychological and intellectual compromises which an acceptance of second-class citizenship necessitates, and for whites who have joined most wholeheartedly in the fight for full Negro equality, the memory of Douglass has persisted. In his life he foreshadowed the pattern of Negro-white participation in the democratic struggle. He fought against the forces of disunity, both within himself and within his white co-workers. He knew that Negroes could contribute both emotion and intellect to democracy; he insisted that the Abolitionists recognize his power to analyze his experience as well as articulate it dramatically as propaganda.

Southern-born Edmund Fuller has been fired by more than the romance of Douglass' story. His hero is no bloodless myth-figure, but the heroic and human individual familiar to those who know Douglass' autobiography. Fuller has not only skillfully recreated the past; he has rediscovered a valuable guide to the present.

RALPH ELLISON

Ralph Ellison, a free-lance writer living in New York, is now at work on a novel.



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Art

Henry Moore and Sculpture

THE current showing of sculpture and drawings by the Englishman, Henry Moore, is pivotal. It sums up much that is significant in the contemporary trend, and therefore demands more than local notice. Moore is one of the foremost living sculptors, and this exhibition of a hundred-odd items at the Museum of Modern Art in New York is a comprehensive selection of work done by him in the last 25 years. It is confident, forceful and impressive, and it is bound to influence for good or ill the ideas and efforts of many of our young artists.

Attached to the walls and the supporting posts of the galleries are several placards bearing statements by Moore on his thoughts, beliefs and conclusions about sculpture. All of these are interesting, and a few are revealing. The most striking is the assertion that: "For me a work of art must first have a vitality of its own. I do not mean a reflection of the vitality of life, of movement, physical action . . . but that a work can have in it a pent-up energy, an intense life of its own, independent of the object it may represent." The operative words here are those in the last few lines, for they are a bold rejection of the inspiration and ideals of more than two thousand years. Moore flatly states that he does not seek beauty as we have known it: "Between beauty of expression and power of expression there is a difference of function. The first aims at pleasing the senses; the second has a spiritual vitality which for me is more moving and goes deeper than the senses."

IT IS time to look around. Large sculptures in wood and polished concrete are here, smaller pieces in wood, stone and metal. They are immensely impressive, and they are vaguely disconcerting. Most of them appear at first sight to have been dredged up from some submerged civilization. This peculiar water-worn quality is wrought by deliberate intent. It is not merely a matter of Moore's surface or finish, it flows through his design, and in some instances through the figures, too. Yes, there are holes in the figures. On one of the placards Moore writes admiringly of "Nature's way with pebbles and stones," and in some small solid-mass sculptures he has made excellent use of the hints obtained from water-worn stones and rocks. But he has gone further. Observing that Nature (the capitalization is his) wears holes in some stones, he set himself to explore the possible sculptural significance of such holes, and he has become convinced that they extend the third-dimensional effect.

In his two largest pieces and in several others he has made holes right through reclining figures—holes big enough to put a fist or a head through. But the device is not used impulsively, nor in any strain after novelty; it is used with careful, deliberate, constructive intent. The effect, in this spectator's opinion, is one that removes Moore's figures still farther from the Nature whose way with pebbles and stones he admires. Still farther, because even without the holes Moore's figures are remote, semi-abstract. He uses the human figure as a point of departure, distorting here, exaggerating there, and the holes serve to strengthen the abstract qualities of his work and give it greater individuality.

BUT his treatment does violence to all our ideas and emotions associated with the human figure. For him ideas—abstract ideas—are more sculptural than emotions. He would be quit of emotions in art. Yet he still uses the human figure in most of his work. And it is here that a contradiction arises, for the human figure is not only the basis of most, and the best, idiom in all languages, it is also the source of many of our emotional responses. Therefore it requires a very severe wrench indeed to remove or suppress it in favor of an abstract, intellectual response, especially when the spectator is confronted with forms created from such basically human figures as Moore, excellent craftsman that he always is, cannot avoid providing.

Fortunately, by chance or design, there are in adjoining rooms various pieces of sculpture by Despiau, Maillol, Lehmbruck, Epstein, Lachaise, Archipenko, Arp and others. Stepping accidentally into one of these rooms and deliberately into the others, the spectator, breathing more freely, senses and perceives here something of the development of modern sculpture. It would appear that Moore himself has closely followed certain trends. Hints of his interest in Lehmbruck's purposeful elongations, Archipenko's facile experiments and Arp's extreme abstractions are still observable in his work, even though well assimilated. But the basic influence of the last fifteen years or so upon Moore has been that of the sculpture of prehistoric civilizations—Aztec especially.

RETURNING to Moore's exhibition, the impression grows that he has set himself a problem. He is striving to infuse the basic sculptural forms of impersonal prehistoric civilizations with the abstract esthetic of twentieth-century individualism. The questions the spectator must ask himself are: Has this sculptor's work a living continuity? Is it in the broad stream of sculptural development or has it a contradiction within itself?

In one sense, of course, every new work, however strikingly original it may seem, is in continuity, since even breaks with tradition are, in the long view, within the framework of development. But to have survival capacity, to be truly viable, the new work may be in contradiction with its origins, but it must not contain contradictions within itself. And this, for all its unquestionable sincerity, great craftsmanship and monumental impressiveness, is what Moore's work appears to contain. It attempts to combine the generic prehistoric with a highly specialized phase of present-day individualism. The result is not a feli-

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citous union of the old and the new, as is contemporary Mexican art, wherein the artist builds solidly upon the old solid foundations. Moore's art is the forced marriage of a simple, direct outlook with a complex, subjective approach; it is not a continuity but a contradiction.

WHEN he was a child, Clerk-Maxwell, the famous British scientist, would ask, whenever confronted with a machine: What is the "go" of it?—*i.e.,* what is the force behind it? The great question to ask about any artist's work is: What is the humanity of it? For art is communication—hence social. Meaning in art is a matter of human relationships: tensions, cleavages, solidarities, aspirations. Art does not necessarily illustrate these; it transvalues and re-presents them in its own terms. All art that divorces itself from or ignores human relationships and devotes itself to subjective and abstract studies is therefore courting frustration. It is not working in a mine; it is walking in a cul-de-sac.

Moore himself is absorbed in exploring the abstract relations of form, a kind of plastic metaphysic. It is understandable, and regrettable. The fascination lies in developing and following the interaction, the flowing into one another, the juxtaposition and the opposition of diverse yet kindred shapes. With some artists this preoccupation becomes obsession; it can lead to the equating of abstractionism with mysticism, and so to the search for universal laws and eternal truths. But because Moore is neither a devotee nor an ingenious fabricator—because he is a great craftsman—he gets certain definite sculptural results. And because he is an artist, his results attract many more people than are interested in his metaphysic. The potential grandeur of his figures is thus proved capable of striking the imagination of the many, while the abstract distortions and exaggerations of his private world appeal only to the withdrawn intellects of the few. Moore has let himself into a prison, but he is not for that reason condemned to remain there—and the gate is not yet locked.

WILLIAM MURRELL

Movies

Fact and Fancy

LOUIS DE ROCHEMONT has just produced a new picture—called "Boomerang" and starring Dana Andrews—that is much better than the cops-and-suspects movies we've all been seeing recently. There is in it some of that sharp excitement you can get from a newsreel—from watching the actions and reactions of people whose reality you don't question. All of the extras here and most of the bit parts are played with gusto by townspeople right off the streets of the typical small city where the action is laid. In their own clothes and without makeup, but intelligently chosen for type, these people are one of the great attractions of the film.

"Boomerang" was made mostly in Stamford, Connecticut, and White Plains, New York. If you know that part of the country, you will recognize that the scenes are not shot on studio sets but in identifiable public buildings, private houses and streets. The action takes place in the courthouse, in an attractive country home (its occupants moved to a hotel for a few weeks and a donation was made to the local Community Chest), at the country club and in the city jail. The latter looked so clean and new that I suspected this was a set being run in, but one of the performers assures me it was the authentic lockup.

This use of material at hand produces some wonderfully effective footage: for instance, the scene in which some real Stamford cops round up some real vagrants and bums from the alleys and bars around town and drag them in for questioning. Once into the spirit of the thing, these amateurs struggled with their natural enemies, The Law, and cursed and were tough with a most convincing zeal. It wouldn't surprise me if a few scores were paid off in the interest of verisimilitude and art.

The spirit seemed to infect some of the hired hands, too—the love scenes between the district attorney and his wife made it look as though they were truly fond of each other. I'm not saying I want a lot of untrained, non-professionals cluttering up the movies—for plot purposes there is rightly in "Boomerang" a cast of very competent actors—but I do think it is a sound idea, as background for a story about a town, to use the people and the places you find there.

"BOOMERANG" is a murder yarn, loaded with politics and told like a documentary. This technique, as opposed to the one used in "Lady in the Lake," reviewed here two issues ago, is interesting rather than distracting. Montgomery was playing a trick, and one which, in that instance at least, did not quite come off.

Elia Kazan, with de Rochemont, is responsible for "Boomerang." Kazan has long been a great actor, and now shows promise as a movie director. The story is intelligently written by Richard Murphy and is said to be based on some of the doings of District Attorney (later Attorney General) Homer Cummings. The courtroom shooting scene, for a specific example, is fashioned on a flashy stunt once staged by Cummings as a young DA 23 years ago in Bridgeport. He torpedoed his own case then because he was dissatisfied with the state's evidence.

One character, awkwardly spotted here and there in the story, might have been more effective if Kazan had known how to use him. He is the town neurotic, played frighteningly by Philip Coolidge (the bibulous organist in the Broadway and London versions of "Our Town"). He has one good scene in which he tells a minister what he's been up to lately. His fetish remains nameless because he speaks in a mumble inaudible to the audience, so you never quite know what the dreadful business was. The namelessness of the offense builds up a fine chilly horror.

Dana Andrews, the young district attorney, is one of our best actors; he seems to improve with every role. Jane Wyatt plays the most attractive, reason-

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able wife I've seen in many a movie, and especially good performances are given by Sam Levene, as the reporter, by Lee J. Cobb, as the policeman, and by Arthur Kennedy, as the suspect. It was a pleasure, in view of the current awe, to see a psychoanalyst kidded, both in the casting and in the treatment.

THE book of "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim" has been woven by Ernest and Frederica Maas around some slight tunes by George Gershwin—tunes which his brother Ira has apparently come upon recently, and for which he has written a set of his characteristically ingenious lyrics.

The writers did a good bit of research into the stenographic situation in Boston around 1875 and have come up with a libretto on women's rights that plays into some amusing situations and gives elbowroom to some odd characters. The plot comes unpinned from time to time, and the players wander in and out for no very well defined reasons. But this is musical comedy, so the vagueness is unimportant.

Betty Grable and Dick Haymes top a good cast of actors and character players, and Miss Pilgrim's success in carrying off a leading Boston toff, despite the fact that she is the town's "first typewriter," sets off a train of events that bodes well for the cause of women's suffrage. It may be sentimental, but when Gershwin music is played I want to hear it.

A LITTLE late, I have just got around to seeing M-G-M's "The Secret Heart." In it are Claudette Colbert, a nice, cheerful girl; Walter Pidgeon, who is comfortable and tweedy and must have appeared through the years nursing enough pipes to worry his dentist quite a lot; and June Allyson, very young and very interesting. It's a good story: a woman coping with a stepdaughter who has a fixation on her dead father—but it is a pity that Robert Leonard, who has directed countless movies, is so wedded to the quiet cliché. He has made here a pleasant little film which a stronger hand might have turned into a picture to seek out instead of merely to stumble upon.

SHIRLEY O'HARA

Theatre

Fun at the Booth

"JOHN LOVES MARY" (Booth Theatre), the new much-more-than-likely hit by Norman Krasna, director Joshua Logan and a facile company, is a story that remains unlikely because it is conceived as a farce-comedy, but could become as likely as blazes merely by making it more serious, analytical, intense, monotonous or what not. It is farce because it pushes the events, the actions, beyond the necessity of the characters *per se*. They are not bound to go quite so high and so far. It is comedy because it creates enough in the characters to suggest their actions and to make the events plausible at least. But since comedy and farce are two distinct forms of dramatic art, it must plainly be neither one, and should be set down as farce-comedy—which is nothing against it. There is no great distinction in being farce-comedy, but there can be much entertainment in being so, and a good, ripping theatre evening may ensue. If audiences mean anything, the response of the audience at the Booth had every good augury.

The story of "John and Mary" is that John has this girl back home whom he loves and means to marry, but that, since his life has been saved by his buddy, Fred Taylor, he has yielded to the impulse to save Fred's broken heart and so has married Fred's English girl friend, who otherwise could not have come to America to join Fred, perhaps for years. He plans to go straight to Reno and get a divorce. As it turns out, both Mary and her parents—the father is a formidable and stertorous Senator—decide that the wedding should be in three days. Then we find that Fred meanwhile has married over here and his wife is at that moment having a baby. Then the wife John has married turns up, still loving Fred; then comes a lieutenant and so on. Plus a general, "who can change things," plus a Red Cross worker, and a former marriage comes into the situation and nobody in the audience cares very much because everything is going to come out all right—what else is farce-comedy?

TO THE performance Joshua Logan brings his sense of comic speed and expertness, with a solicitude for minor details that blesses especially such character parts as the Senator or Fred or General Biddle. The General is amusingly played by Harry Bannister, with some very witty inventions in the details. As in all such cases, it is impossible to tell, without seeing the script, how much is the author's, how much the actor's and how much the director's. Nina Foch, as the young Mary McKinley ready to marry John, plays well and is well directed. There are those who might disagree with me, there being such a thing as "personality," but it is to me obvious that such an actress, at the threshold of acting, as it were, should look into her accent. It is too full of hard tones and consonants, which, though possible to the part, are not attractive and for some roles would be plainly tiresome. This is one of the problems of our younger players.

The Senator of Loring Smith was excellently fly-blown and Washingtonian, and Ann Mason, with considerable chic, subsided into the nothing of his wife—though the author may have meant something a bit different. William Prince played very agreeably the hero part, a straight role of a young returned soldier, though, seriously speaking, a great deal more quixoticism could have been developed in the character, and thus paved the way for his actions.

It is hardly fair to say that Tom Ewell carried off the honors of the evening as the comic friend who had saved the hero's life and returned to mess things up. The part is far more fruitful of stage effects and much easier to make unusual. I make such a remark to balance matters, for the truth is that this player is a most promising, perhaps even brilliant, comic and, with the benefit of Joshua Logan's directing, has really made a dent in the season.

STARK YOUNG

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Bandwagon

Barn-Door Department

Chairman Taft (R, Ohio) indicated he might favor a thorough labor investigation, but not until Congress has passed a labor law. – *From the Emporia* Gazette.

Dollar Diplomacy

Roman Catholic priests of the Los Angeles Archdiocese condemned the picture ["Duel in the Sun"] from pulpits last Sunday, but the Protestant Church Federation of Los Angeles, which has protested to Selznick about the picture, withheld formal denouncement for fear box-office receipts would climb still higher, one of its representatives said. – *From the New York* Times.

Let There Be Light

Paris now has three days a week without electricity, heat or light from nine in the morning until nine at night. It is very hard on the poor, who need light in which to do their work. – *Elsa Maxwell in her syndicated column.*

Been Going on for Years

INFLATED FIGURES IN WOMEN'S DRESSES
– *Headline in* Bread & Butter.

Positively Amazing

Senator McKellar said, "Well, if you know nothing in the world about splitting the atom, didn't it seem incredible to you that the President of the United States turned to you and discharged General Groves, who invented this thing?" – *From the New York* Herald Tribune.

Peace Feeler?

The United States should spend two billion dollars annually on "atom bombers," Mr. Earle [former American Minister to Austria and Bulgaria] said, and then tell the Russians that if they drop one such bomb on this country we will wipe out their land. – *From the New York* Times.

Democracy in Action

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Bargain

If you like celery and olives before dinner, then by all means you must visit the Barberry Room, where they only cost $2. If this seems a bit exorbitant, remember that it includes enough celery and olives for two persons. – *From Clementine Paddleford's column in the New York* Herald Tribune.

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Science and Technology

Plant Hormones

ONE DAY last August, a large truck moved slowly through an open-lots section of Brooklyn, pouring a fine chemical mist from powerful sprayers. As the truck proceeded block after block, the mist spread and settled on the rank weeds flourishing in the neglected fields. This was the opening campaign in "Operation Ragweed," designed to obliterate in New York City within three years the plant responsible for 90 percent of all hay fever.

The active agent in this drive is a substance known as 2,4-D—a plant hormone which, used in certain concentration, will hasten the ripening of fruit and promote plant growth, but which, applied in stronger dosage, causes widespread death in what appears to be agonized contortion.

The newspaper publicity given this campaign (a Department of Health adaptation of experiments made by Dr. George S. Avery Jr., director of the Brooklyn Botanical Garden) was the first inkling the lay public had had of the existence of hormones in the vegetable world. Then, shortly after "Operation Ragweed" got under way, the subject popped into the news again, this time with less fanfare but with much more serious implications. A series of articles published in the summer issue of the *Botanical Gazette* (University of Chicago) lifted military secrecy from a plant-hormone investigation conducted under the auspices of the Chemical Warfare Service, at Camp Detrick, Frederick, Maryland. These papers revealed that plant hormones could be used as a military weapon of starvation. By the summer of 1945, a crew of in-

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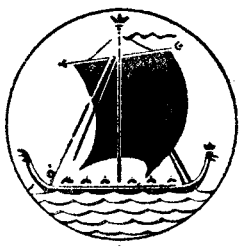

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vestigators had synthesized about 1,100 substances, and from these had selected a group of the most powerful—powerful enough to be spread by airplane and to destroy a nation's food. Only the early conclusion of the war halted plans for field trials in a military theatre of this new kind of biological warfare. Plants hormones can kill most basic food crops, and the scientists know that young plants die fastest and that warm sunny days produce the quickest results. The effects last in the soil for a period of eight weeks, thus preventing the emergency planting of a new crop in most climates. The implications of disaster are on a par with much more widely publicized new weapons.

PLANT-HORMONE study goes back to Charles Darwin's researches in 1880. If you have ever walked through a field of young oat or wheat plants, you may have noticed a thin, paperlike sheath at the base of each stalk. Soon after its appearance it is burst open by the young leaves and shortly thereafter withers away. These young growths are called "coleoptiles." Darwin was attracted to the young grass shoots because of their unusual sensitivity to light. He suspected that the agent which directed the growing plant toward the light was in the tip—the coleoptile, and to test his supposition, snipped it from a number of plants. The growing plants thereupon lost completely the power to move toward the light.

The next step in the approach to a knowledge of plant hormones came in 1911 with a discovery by Professor P. Boysen Jensen, plant physiologist at the University of Copenhagen. Professor Boysen Jensen repeated Darwin's experiment, but went a step farther by sticking the tips back onto the stumps of the plants with gelatin. Sensitivity was immediately restored.

To check his findings, he repeated the process, but this time placed a bit of impermeable mica between the decapitated tip and the stump. The plant failed to respond and Boysen Jensen had proved that the coleoptile contained some substance, or hormone, which could pass down the body of the plant and produce a predictable reaction in a distant part.

A further advance was to separate the hormone from the tip, and this Professor F. W. Went of the University of Utrecht accomplished in 1928 by placing oat tips on a sheet of gelatin and allowing the substance to seep out. The final, and greatest practical problem, was to obtain the hormone in sufficient quantity for useful experimentation. Three hormones were found by two other Utrecht scientists, Fritz Kögl and A. J. Haagen Smit, in human urine. They appear there in the form of fatty acids which are created by the breakdown of food in the diet and of which one—indole-acetic acid—is so powerful that a single milligram of it is believed able to produce a 10-degree curvature in more than 20 miles of oat coleoptiles packed side by side.

PRACTICAL applications of great value to agriculture and horticulture have quickly followed upon the late developments of plant-hormone research. Some synthetic hormones are being used to induce strong root systems in cuttings of plants which normally present great transplanting difficulties; seedless fruit may now become common, for it has been found that the spraying of hormones on the flowers prevents the setting of seeds; seedless tomatoes are already being produced in this way, and seedless varieties of squash, eggplant and melons can be expected in the markets soon. Fruit forcing can be effected by hormone treatment; or, on the other hand, fruit can be made to hang to the branch, thus eliminating the loss from windfalls.

There seems to be a distinct connection between plant hormones and plant cancer, and several scientists who are at work on the human disease have directed their attention to its appearance in the plant world.

The full possibilities of plant-hormone research have not yet been explored, and we are now in a period of exaggerated claims for giant fruit and fantastic yields. But it seems reasonable to suppose that as we learn more and more about the workings of these chemicals we can produce increasingly abundant crops. Provided, of course, we don't use our knowledge first to produce world starvation. JOSEPH BERNSTEIN

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Music

Jive and Show Tunes

EVER since WNEW's Martin Block turned a smart gimmick into big money several years ago, the role of the disk jockey has developed to the point where he now occupies a position of considerable importance in the music business—a position somewhat similar to that of a Broadway columnist. The personalities of the jocks differ as much as do those of Winchell and Lyons, and their offerings serve every possible taste.

From the standpoint of jazz, your best bet is a young man named Fred Robbins, who holds some million-odd listeners relatively spellbound Monday through Saturday, from 6:30 to 9 p.m. on WOV (he refers to himself as Prisoner of Wov). Although his selections cover the entire field of popular music, it becomes obvious to the listener that hot jazz is Robbins' dish. And for anyone anxious to hear a brand of music that doesn't get its share of attention his Twelve-eighty Club is far out in front of any other record show. Out-of-towners may hear him, too, on CBS (Saturdays, 10 a.m.) and NBC (Saturdays, 11 a.m.).

Robbins' approach to the music is a source of concern to old-line jazz lovers, who shudder at his colorful ad-libbed jive talk. Personally, I find it refreshing. With admirable facility, the self-styled "professor of thermodynamics" throws out a fast, ever changing line of pleasant hooey that vaguely concerns the music and the listeners, and which should be of considerable interest to students of trends in slang. The highbrow faction tends to regard this sort of thing as beneath the dignity of an art form, but it occurs to me that jazz can't be much of an art form if it's unable to survive the friendly kidding to which it's subjected by Robbins.

Another thing I like about the program is Robbins' tolerance of every jazz style—almost unique in a field that's more divided than today's liberals. He makes no editorial comment on the superiority of Chicago over New Orleans, nor does he maintain that the last real jazz was played twenty years ago. He's a member of no school. He merely seems to think that jazz is a good idea, period. You can take it from there.

NEARLY all of the popular songs that have achieved any permanence during the last two decades are products of the big Broadway musicals. The work of the Gershwins, Kern, Berlin, Porter, and Rodgers and Hart represents something distinctly above the stature of the stereotyped, mawkish pop tunes pounded out on the Tin Pan Alley assembly line. The record companies have preserved many of these fine works in albums. One group in particular stands up as probably the most tasteful of all. It was made by Lee Wiley, who enjoys fame among jazz people, although the general public hasn't yet got around to heaving bouquets in her direction. Miss Wiley's warm intonation and imaginative phrasing provide what I consider perfect equipment to handle the sophistication and sentiment voiced in the great show tunes; and she's backed up by honest-to-God jazz musicians and not the Kostelanetz string section.

Miss Wiley's Gershwin album includes Max Kaminsky (trumpet), Joe Bushkin and Fats Waller (piano, with Waller doubling on organ), Artie Shapiro (bass) and George Wettling (drums). The Rodgers and Hart book (originally issued by Rabson's and now sold by Gala) has Bushkin, Kaminsky, Shapiro, Wettling and Bud Freeman (tenor sax). The late Bunny Berigan's trumpet may be heard over Zutty Singleton's drums and Bushkin's piano in the Cole Porter album; and Billy Butterfield (trumpet), Lou McGarrity (trombone), Ernie Caceres (clarinet and baritone sax) and Eddie Condon (guitar) are featured on the Harold Arlen album which will be released soon by Schirmer's. For anyone who wants a nostalgic treat done in a relaxed, rhythmic way, these Wiley albums are worth the trouble it may take to find them.

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Correspondence

Donald Day's War Effort

SIR: In the *New Republic* of January 6 it was stated that Donald Day was being released from custody of the Army in Europe. It is encouraging to note that we are thus exemplifying our high regard for the "Freedom of Speech" so proudly hailed in the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms.

On several occasions it was my rare privilege to hear this worthy commentator in his guest appearance on Radio Hamburg. It sort of added spice to the impending battle to hear one of our fellow citizens present the "other" side of the issue that was the battle's stake. To hear an American tell us that the war was of Roosevelt's making; that it was a Jewish, Bolshevik, Communist plot and that we should give up to the Germans who represented all that was fine in life, certainly made one acquire an added zest for the battle.

At times we wondered if we were fighting for Freedom of Speech, etc., for we had the mental reservation that Day and his buddies would really get theirs after we had won. The joke is really on the three hundred thousand who are buried over there, for they will never know that Day's speech was free and their deaths were in a noble cause.

Dallas, Tex. W. O. COOPER

Censorship in Palestine

SIR: In his article, "World News Blackout" (the *New Republic,* December 2, 1946), Thomas Whiteside says: ". . . In Palestine censors can kill correspondents' dispatches by delaying them until their news value is lost." This is not so. While censorship does exist in Palestine it does not extend to correspondents' dispatches. Only incoming dispatches are subject to delay or, mostly, suppression.

But while there is no censorship on our outgoing cables, there is a strong suspicion that they are scrutinized daily (from the originals remaining at the telegraph office—a government service) by the Criminal Investigation Department. The latter also "inspects" correspondence and written or printed matter—including personal papers—of any persons arriving or departing from Palestine, keeping them for a day or two. When these seizures are made at airports, as they frequently are, departees must either leave without them or cancel reservations. Under prevailing travel conditions a great many unpleasantries have occurred.

There is, however, a strict censorship on the local press, and it's an open secret that most newspaper telephones are tapped by the police, who listen in or record conversations day and night. But this censorship is rather liberal and is designed, since 1937, to keep the Arabic and Hebrew press from printing matter likely to incite. It is irksome only (besides the general nuisance of submitting all galleys) in that it is inconsistent. Matter banned in one city is frequently permitted by the censor in another city.

A particular grouse to local editors is the censor's hypersensitivity on the subject of Jerusalem's ex-Mufti. Nothing discreditable may be said of this personage, against whom there is a warrant of arrest for complicity in the murder of Assistant District Commissioner Andrews; who is exiled by the law of Palestine; who coöperated with the pro-Nazi Rashid Ali in Iraq; who spent most of the war in Germany, from where he frequently broadcast to the Arab world and helped the Germans to recruit Moslems in Yugoslavia for the special Moslem SS troops; and against whom there is evidence that he was an instigator of the mass extermination of European Jews. Because of this attitude, which the censor claims is a matter of *higher policy,* much of the ex-Mufti's recent history is unknown to many Palestine Arabs, who still regard him with reverence and awe.

Jerusalem, Palestine BENN W. FELLER

The Cream of the Jest

SIR: With the Georgia-Talmadge situation as it stands today, where young Herman in a Hitler manner, having received only 600 votes, forces his way into the Governor's chair, I am chagrined and amazed that our federal government would have the gall to complain about the lack of a free election in Poland.

WM. H. SMATHERS

Atlantic City, N. J.

Camp Woodcliff

SIR: In Richard Strouse's interesting article, "The Shrine" (the *New Republic,* January 27), he lists a number of groups which have visited Hyde Park during the summer. In this connection he refers to Camp Woodcliff as a boys' camp. Camp Woodcliff, of Sawkill, New York, is not a boys' camp, but a co-educational camp, and both boys and girls were included in the group which visited Hyde Park.

ROBERT S. SAPHIR, Director

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New Republic News

To the Editor: Sir

THERE are multiple joys in a rising circulation chart. As the revenue goes up, the treasurer becomes less anxious; as the audience broadens, the writers' egos expand; as the contributor-mail increases by leaps and bounds, the editors discover they no longer have to beat their brains so remorselessly. It's a happy trend and we hope it continues at the *NR* indefinitely.

We want to dwell a moment on the question of mail because it has an immediate bearing on the new ambitions of the magazine. The *NR* would like to have a reporter in every city, town and crossroads in the country, feeding to us in New York a stream of local news from which a picture of the nation would emerge. But that's blue-sky dreaming now and for a long time to come, and meanwhile this kind of countrywide news should be running in the correspondence column.

We get a flood of letters each week containing charters for world peace, or solutions for the Palestine problem, or proposals for wiping out the bubonic plague. We are frequently asked to consider the horrors of Georgia politics or to take a firm stand on the reformed calendar or to express ourselves clearly on the single tax. These communications are sincere and many of them are interesting; but with few exceptions they lack the freshness or authority or humanity that would recommend them to readers as a whole. We plan to treat the big subjects wherever and whenever they appear, but what we're really looking for in the mail bag is the piece of little news with broad interest.

If a bunch of GI's have built a coöperative housing development in Idaho, if there's been a nurses' strike in Maine, if the fire department in Tulsa has met to discuss hotel fires or the Baptist minister in Providence has thought up a new method for marketing eggs, we've probably missed the local story and a letter on the subject will provoke grateful cheers. It's not just that we're asking you to do our job for us—though shamelessly we admit that comes into it. Primarily, it's that we want to turn out a magazine that pipes the news of the country out to the country and that a letters column is one of the best ways known to achieve that end.

Letter of the Week

(Continued from page 3)

quotas to be achieved under the plan. It is noteworthy, for example, that the greatest increases called for are in durable goods, such as locomotives, trucks, tractors, autos, motorcycles, bridge girders and so on. By 1948 the Czechs hope to be turning out three times as many locomotives and trucks and more than ten times as many tractors as in 1937.

Several facts have dictated this course. First, there was the expulsion of the Sudeten Germans, a political move which had the greatest popular support. With the Germans went so many skilled workers in the glass and costume-jewelry industries that the Czechs do not intend to reëstablish themselves in this field.

The second important fact which has influenced the shift in Czech economy is the condition of the factories. Except for the Allied bombings of the Skoda and Bata works, little damage was done to heavy industry. In fact, the Germans built a large new synthetic-oil plant near Moravska Ostrava (which now supplies the country with much of its oil requirements), modernized the great Vitkovice steel works at Brno and made improvements in several other factories during the occupation. Finally, there is the desire of the Czechs to free themselves from their prewar dependence on Germany, which took 30 percent of their exports.

SINCE nationalization and the Two-Year Plan are mutually dependent, neither will work unless the four-party coalition which now runs the country continues to function. The nationalization program, favored by all parties with varying degrees of enthusiasm, was based mainly on the theory of "expro-

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priating the expropriators." That is to say, large properties which the Germans had seized were in turn taken over by the Czech government and nationalized; compensation was given only if the affiliations of the former owners had been anti-Nazi.

As a further stimulus to the population, the government has made it clear that there will be no lowering of the standard of living; on the contrary, it is hoped there will be a slight rise. In January, for example, shoes went off the ration list. The situation in regard to both food and clothing has shown a marked improvement this winter compared to last May. As a guarantee that the Two-Year Plan will not demand too great sacrifice from the people—as was the case in the Soviet Union—the plan limits reinvestment of the income from nationalized industries to 15 percent. This strikes a middle course between Russia, where reinvestment runs to about 40 percent, and England, where about seven percent is reinvested.

PERHAPS the greatest threat to the political balance, and therefore the greatest threat to the success of the Two-Year Plan, is the unfriendly attitude of Western nations—in particular the United States. Our refusal of a loan to Czechoslovakia made a profound impression upon everyone in the country, including the minority who pretend to understand the need for a policy of firmness toward the Soviet Union. The Czechs know that their plan would go more smoothly if they could have certain raw materials from the United States or the dollars to buy these raw materials elsewhere. They feel that since their foreign-trade balances are beginning to show an export surplus, they would be a good financial risk. By refusing them our help, we drive them to deeper reliance upon markets in Eastern and Southeastern Europe and, as a consequence, to closer affiliation with other political systems. By this unfriendliness we jeopardize the one chance Europe has today of seeing a healthy example of the ultimate compatibility of the American and the Soviet conceptions of democracy.

Prague SIDNEY SULKIN

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